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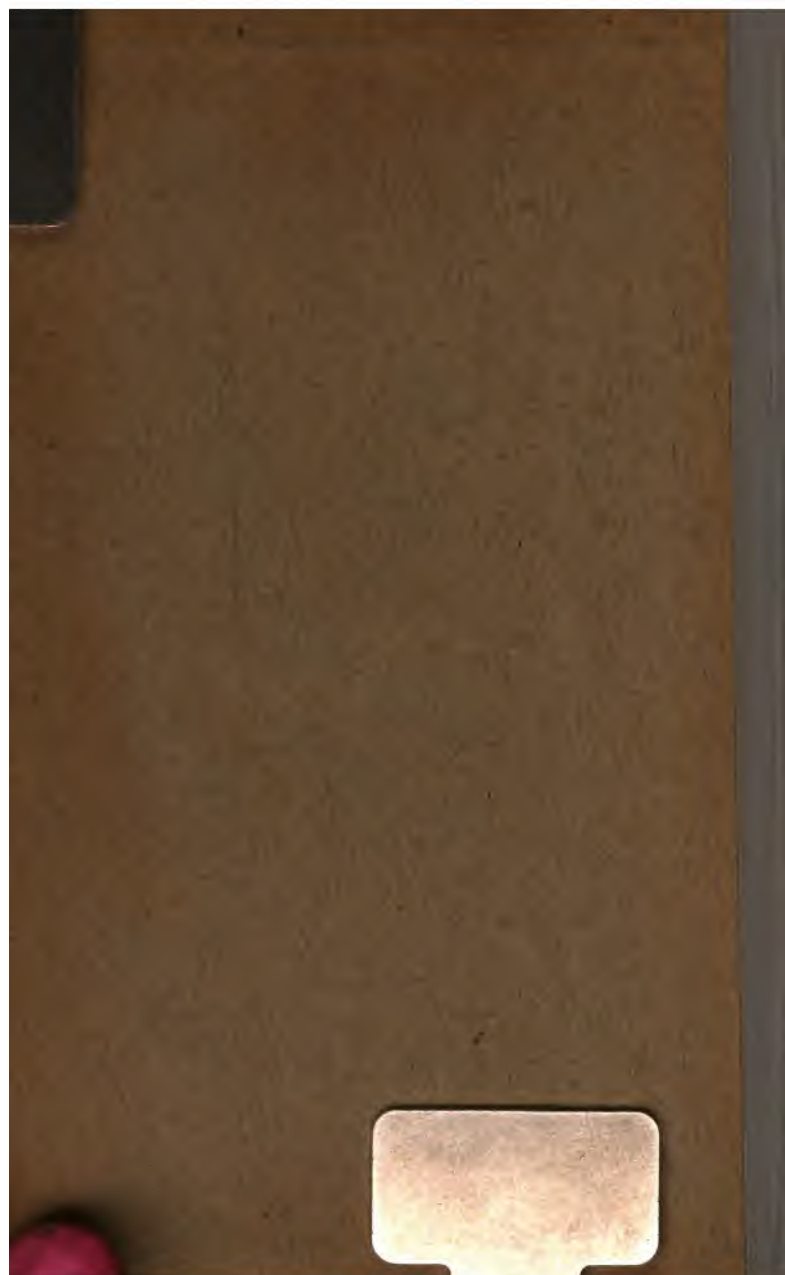
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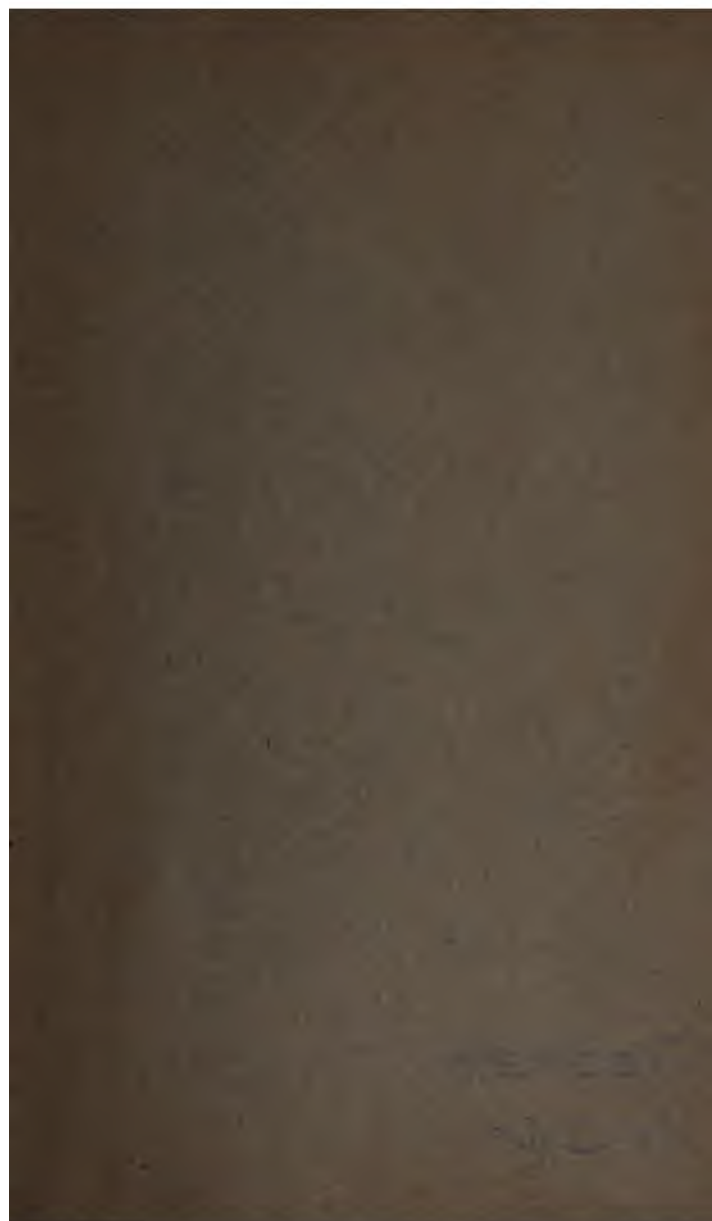
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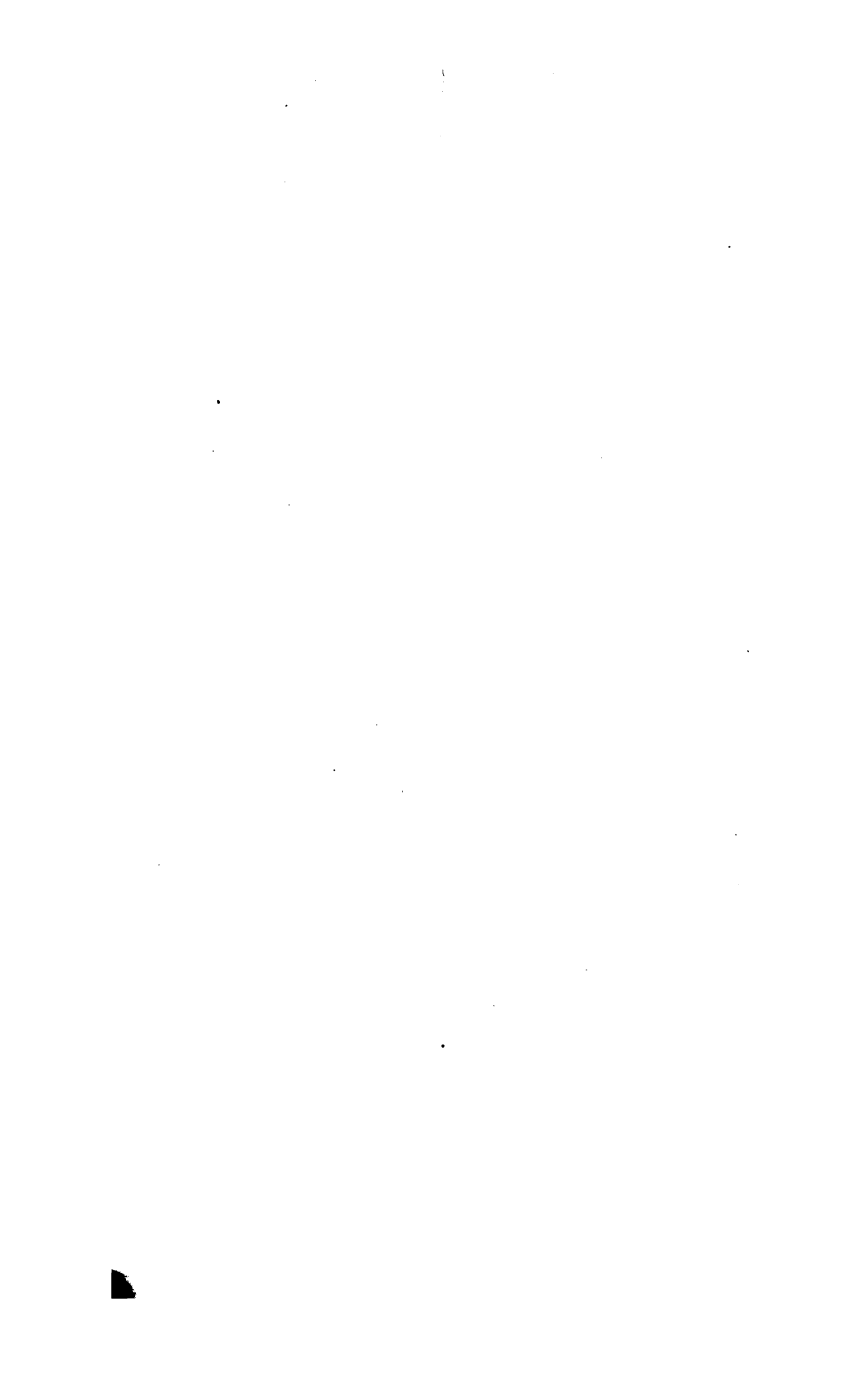
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THE ÆOLIAN HARP.



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ÆOLIAN HARP;

OR,

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

BY

SARAH AND MARY E. HERBERT.

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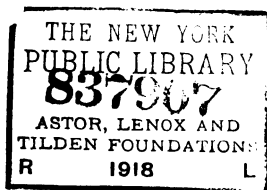
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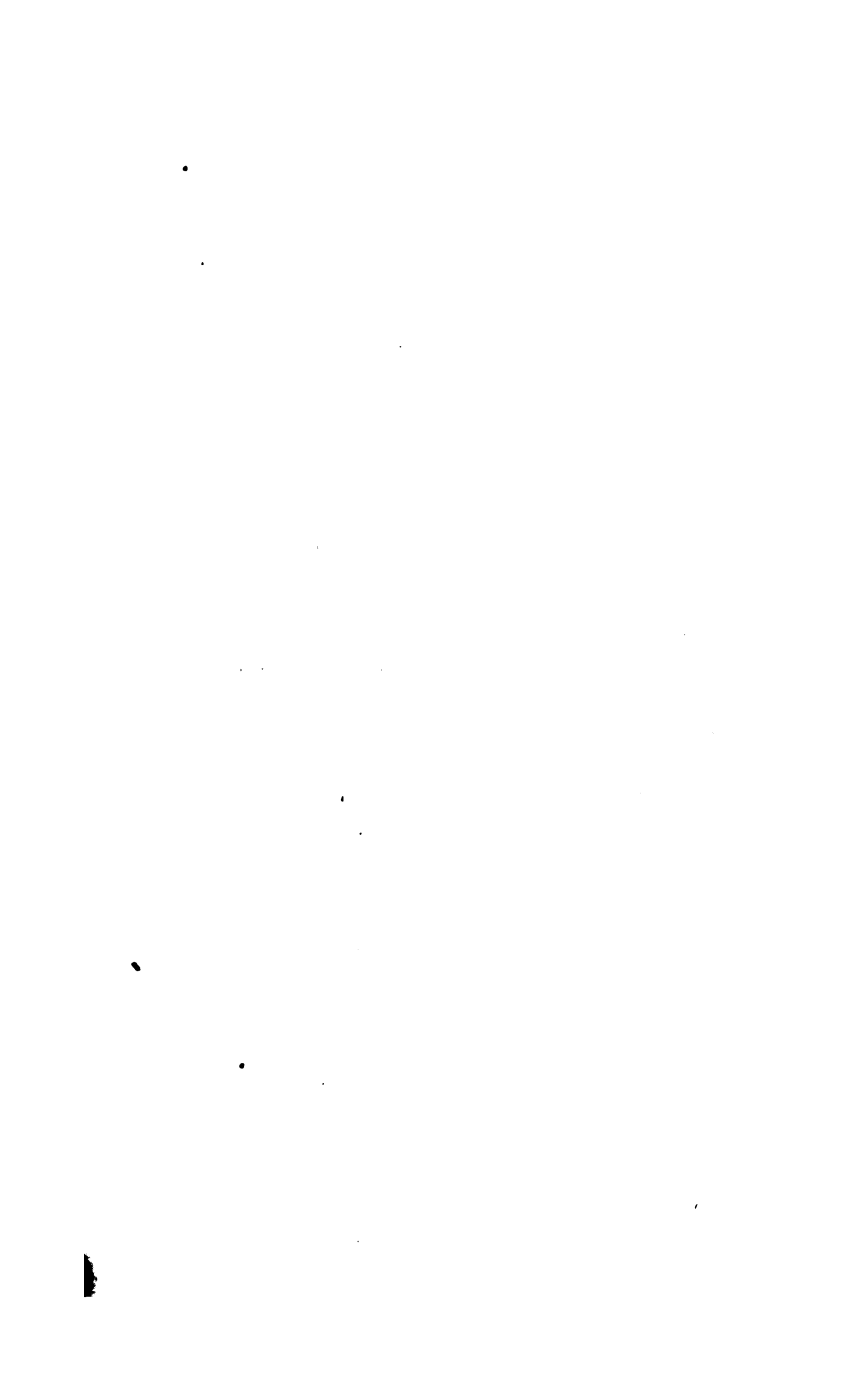
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PART I.

POEMS BY SARAH HERBERT.



P O E M S.

THOUGHTS AND WORDS OF THE RETURNING EMIGRANT.

I.

I STAND, as once before I stood,
Where nothing meets my glancing eye,
Save, round my bark, the rolling flood,
And, overhead, the evening sky ;
And now, as then, the moonlight streams
Upon the vessel's foamy track,
While, clear as those unclouded beams,
The memory of the past comes back.

II.

Long, anxious years have flown, and yet
It seemeth but as yesterday, —
But *then* my plenteous locks were jet,
And *now* my scanty hair is gray :

And *then* my eyes were keenly bright,
My vig'rous frame erect and proud, —
Those eyes have lost their youthful light,
That form by age and toil is bowed.

III.

Then, too, I trod the deck in pain,
And where the sky and ocean meet,
Sought, vainly sought, to catch again
A glimpse of childhood's dear retreat;
But *now* my heart is filled with joy,
And every object wears a smile,
While fancy doth the hours employ
In visions of my native isle.

IV.

And Mary, though thine eye of blue
Has grown less bright through lapse of years,
Thy heart remains as fond and true,
Dear partner of my hopes and fears,
As when, with youth and beauty dowered,
I brought thee to my humble cot, —
The star which, though affliction lowered,
Shed ceaseless radiance on my lot.

V.

I know that in thy memory dwell

The charms our homestead used to wear, —
The daisied green, the mossy well,

The elms that cast broad shadows there, —
The roof of thatch, beneath whose shade

Our time, love-brightened, pass'd away, —
The grove, where we so often strayed,
To hear the blackbird's merry lay.

VI.

And thou rememberest, when we gained

The summit of the hill, hard by,
Just as the summer day had waned,

And sunset glories filled the sky, —
How swelled our hearts with mournful pride,

While gazing on the scene below, —
A verdant landscape, spreading wide,
And sparkling in the crimson glow.

VII.

Cities, where domes and towers were rear'd,

Majestic, o'er the busy scene,
And village fanes, whose turrets peered,
Heaven pointing, from embow'ring green.

Bright streamlets, which, like silver, flowed
Through em'rald slope and cultured plain,
And rivers, on whose currents rode
Tall, white-sailed vessels to the main.

VIII.

Fields ripe for harvest, — forests old, —
And ivied piles of ancient time,
Broad lakes, and mountains rising bold,
As if to guard the favored clime.
We saw our country's loveliness, —
Our brows, her balmy zephyrs fann'd,
And then we raised our voice to bless
The beauty of our Mother-land.

IX.

One moment triumph swelled our breast,
The feeling of the next was pain,
For, glittering 'neath the golden west,
We marked the far-extending main;
We felt how soon its floods would rise
Between us and our native shore, —
Then viewed the scene with tearful eyes,
As one we should behold no more.

X.

The pomp of mountain, lake, and stream,
And gorgeous skies, and forest old,
All glorious as a poet's dream,
Around our western home is rolled :
Yet where the ancient pine-trees threw
Their shadow o'er the flowery grass ;
Or the red Indian's frail canoe
Doth o'er the rapid waters pass :

XI.

Or where Niagara's torrents rush,
Impetuous, from the dizzy height ;
At busy noon, or in the hush
Of rosy morn, or starry night : —
Still to that scene our mem'ries turned,
In weal and woe, in joy and pain,
And still our hearts, impatient, yearned
To tread our native soil again.

XII.

We know that time its change hath shed
Upon the cherished friends of yore ;
Laid low full many a stately head,
And many a bright one silvered o'er ;

Yet, though each old-accustomed place
Familiar forms no longer fill,
How sweet, though mournful, to retrace
The haunts their memory hallows still !

XIII.

How sweet to hear the Sabbath chime,
Call to the well-known house of prayer,
And worship, as in by-gone time,
The God of our forefathers, there.
The fruit of toilsome years to reap,
To realize youth's visions blest,
And lay us down, at last, to sleep,
Beside our kindred's place of rest !

XIV.

Oh, Thou ! who, many a toilsome road,
Our feet hath safe conducted o'er, —
Comfort in every grief bestowed,
And bless'd in basket and in store ;
If priv'leged, by Thy gracious will,
To see, once more, the land we love,
In joy, may we remember still,
The HOME Thou hast prepared above !

WELCOME TO SPRING.

Oh, hail to thee, hail to thee, Spring of the year ;
Already thy heralds, the May-flowers, appear :
The stream, lately ice-bound, is dancing in glee,
And the leaves are put forth from the winter-nipt tree !

The farmer walks out in his new springing field,
He thinks of the harvest which soon it will yield ;
And the invalid's casement is oped, to allow
Thy soft breath to visit his feverish brow.

The voices of children are ringing in mirth,
They joy in the beauty which glows o'er the earth ;
And the buzz of the flies, just awaked from their sleep,
And the song of the birds, a sweet harmony keep.

Thou tellest, sweet Spring, of bright Summer, a tale,
When the odors of roses are borne on each gale ;
But thy modest young buds to my heart are more dear,
Than the gaudiest flow'rs which in Summer appear.

Then hail to thee ! hail to thee, mirth-giving Spring ;
Oh, well, of thy beauty, the poet may sing ;
Now the stream, lately ice-bound, is dancing in glee,
And the leaves are put forth from the winter-nipt tree.

THE DYING BLIND BOY'S ADDRESS TO HIS
MOTHER.

MOTHER, my mother, thou hast fondly soothed,
Through long, long days, my fretfulness and pain,
By thine own hand has been my pillow smoothed,
And thou hast lulled me to my rest again;
Now that the hour has come when we must part,
Mem'ry recalls thy kindness to my heart.

Oft hast thou, in some momentary rest,
Placed me beside thee on the grassy sod, —
Pillowed my aching head upon thy breast,
And read to me the precious Word of God;
Taught me, though fatherless and blind was I,
I had a holy Father in the sky!

I have not looked upon the glad, green earth,
When Nature wakens at the call of Spring,
Nor when the summer birds send forth their mirth,
While through the groves the brooks run murmuring;
I have not looked upon the sunset sky,
Nor have the tints of autumn pleased my eye.

Yet, well I know, all these are bright and fair, —

I know that pleasant are the summer hours ;

For o'er my brow has passed the gentle air,

And to my lips I've pressed the fragrant flowers ;

And heard the murmurs of the gladsome stream,

Like the soft voices of some pleasant dream !

Yet, dearest mother, still thy accents mild,

Thy soft and tender, sweet and soothing word,

Have been more music to thy sightless child,

Than all the blightsome songs of happy birds ;

And when I know that thou beside me knelt,

It was the greatest bliss I ever felt !

What, though all deeply veiled my sight has been,

What, though I ne'er have looked upon thy face,

What, though this pleasant world I have not seen,

Yet in that brighter, better, happier place,

Shall I not gaze with ravished eyes, on Him,

Before whose throne low bend the Seraphim ?

For well I know our parting hour is nigh,

And I no more may hear thy much-loved voice ;

Yet if I go to dwell above the sky,

Say, dearest mother, wilt thou not rejoice

To know thy child from sin and pain is free,
Though care and sorrow still are left to thee?

Yet left not long, — I know thou soon wilt share
The holy joys that for the righteous wait, —
Soon shall thy spirit seek those regions fair,
And angels hail thee to that happy state ;
Then, when on earth tolls out thy funeral knell,
Mother, we then shall meet — Farewell, farewell !

TO AN ABSENT FRIEND.

SAY, loved one, can thy heart all trace
Have lost of pleasant moments past ;
And hast thou from its wonted place
The memory of our fondness cast !
For surely time had never flown
Thus long, without a word from thee,
Hadst thou, by thine own feelings, known
How glad received that word would be.

Dost thou forget the merry throng,
That loved to gather round thy knees,
And hear the simple tale or song,
Which from *thy* lips was sure to please ?
Dost thou forget the childish race,
When shadows fill the landscape o'er,
And gleesome shout and smiling face,
To happy hearts a witness bore ?

The fragrance of Acadia's flowers,
The hues that summer sunset gave,
The ramble through the forest bowers,
The rest beside Chebucto's waye ;
The flowery field our cot before,
Its many-blossomed hawthorn trees,
The willow, waving at our door,
O say, hast thou forgotten these ?

Hast thou forgotten each dear form
That gathered round the evening light,
Unheeding of the gloom or storm,
While all within was calm and bright !
When soul with soul would sweetly blend,
And tender words of love be spoken,
While beaming eyes to speech would lend
A charm, that now, alas, is broken !

And still thy name is breathed in love,
When we have met at day's decline,
And still our prayer ascend above,
For peace and joy to thee and thine :
By all that marked thy presence brief,
The fount of our affections stirred,

And Memory dwells with pleasing grief,
Upon thy every look and word !

Oh, pass away may many a year,
Before thy presence, with the light
It shed upon our sojourn here,
May make again our pathway bright ;
We may not hear each other's voice,
Or clasp each other's hand again,
But make once more our hearts rejoice,
By thy affection-breathing pen.

ADIEU TO THE CITY.

ADIEU to the city! the summer is nigh,
And I know that the flowers are in bloom, —
I have had a glimpse of the bright blue sky,
As it shone o'er the house-tops, all dark and high,
Like the sunlight over the tomb!

Oh I long to roam the wild wood free,
And to list to the birds' gay song,
As they flit in their freedom from tree to tree,
Or to gaze on the waves of the billowing sea,
As proudly it dashes along!

Oh gladly I leave thee, thou city street,
With thy dull and smoky air,
For the home where the loved will my coming greet,
And my welcome be spoken in accents sweet, —
I long, — Oh I long to be there!

THE BABY'S GRAVE.

It was a spot of calm and shade,
Far down the garden side,
Where the mild summer breezes strayed,
'Mid willows, branching wide;
The blue sky glanced with soften'd light,
Down through each trembling spray,
And the sweet sunbeams seemed less bright,
When on that grave they lay.

The earliest vernal blossoms there,
Their gentle perfume gave, —
'Twas meet that flowers so frail and fair
Should deck the baby's grave;
In turn would primrose, snow-drop, pale,
With summer fav'rites shine —
Moss-rose and lily of the vale,
And fragrant eglantine.

Not far away, a streamlet kept
Its course, with murmuring sound —
A requiem to the one who slept
Beneath the grassy mound ;
And standing near that lowly grave,
The presence of the dead
A calm and holy feeling gave,
Before which passion fled.

There from their play, with step subdued,
Two little ones would steal,
Their young hearts with deep thought imbued,
Beside the grave to kneel ;
Would speak of him, their brother dear,
Who slept the sods below —
Wond'ring if he their words could hear,
Or of their presence know.

To them it was a fearful thing —
A thing of mystery,
That their free steps could cease to spring,
At will, o'er lawn and lea ;
That all unheeded on their ear
Their mother's voice might fall,

And birds, sweet flow'rs, and streamlet clear,
Be hid in darkness all.

And yet a holy, "high belief,"
Dwelt in each youthful heart —
Faith in a world where nought but grief,
Of sin or pain has part ;
A happy home, the stars among,
Where God is ever praised,
And their young brother swells the song
Seraphic voices raised.

But when the grateful twilight dews
Refreshed the thirsty flower,
The mother bent her steps to muse
Within that tranquil bower ;
It was her first-born son, above
Whose head the trees did wave —
The earliest pledge of nuptial love,
Now slumb'ring in the grave.

With mournful pleasure she would dwell
Upon his form and face ;
His soft blue eyes, the hair that fell
In curls with so much grace ;

His cherub smile, the tott'ring feet
That oft to meet her came,
The voice, than music far more sweet,
That lisped his mother's name !

Ah ! she that infant one had made
The idol of her soul ;
Nor dreamed that clouds her star could shade,
Or darkness o'er it roll.
But He who rightly claims our all,
And knew his erring child,
In mercy did the gift recall,
That had her heart beguiled.

It was a fearful stroke — she bowed
At first in mute despair,
Then faith unveiled her eyes and showed
Her Father's hand was there ;
Despair and weak repining fled,
And faith the triumph won —
She kissed the chast'ning rod, and said —
“ Thy will, O Lord, be done ! ”

Oft at that grave for grace she sought,
And grace to her was given,

Safe through a path with danger fraught —
To guide her babes to Heaven.
And though remembrance of the past,
At times her breast might wring —
The hope of meeting there at last,
Would ever comfort bring.

O ! holy hope, thou art a ray
Sent from a brighter clime,
And shedding o'er the mourner's way
A brilliancy sublime !
A rainbow, rich with hues more fair
Than ever spann'd the sky,
And which a dearer pledge declare —
"The loved shall meet on high !"

INVOCATION.

SPIRIT of Light ! thy beams divine,
Diffuse upon this sacred page,
And let this Holy Volume shine
My *guiding star*, through youth and age ;
My *beacon* to point out the way,
Lest from the path of life I stray.

Erring, Thou know'st I am, and blind,
And ever prone to turn from Thee ;
My feet unto thy precepts bind ;
O let Thy laws my counsel be,
And make Thy gospel my delight,
My thoughts by day — my dreams by night.

I come not to Thy sacred Word
With worldly reasonings and vain ;
Be *Thou* my Teacher, gracious Lord !
Thy hidden mysteries explain ;
And with a child's simplicity,
Help me to bow my heart to Thee.

If Thou bestowest length of years,
Still be this precious Book my guide,
While travelling through the "vale of tears,"
Whate'er or joy or grief betide ;
Till, led by it to realms above,
I bless Thy condescending love !

THE LAST LOOK.

THE earth is glowing in the light
Of an autumnal day,
And gaily dance the waves which bear,
Swiftly, my bark away.
How calmly rest the gentle sheep
Upon that verdant shore,
The call of birds methought I heard,
Despite the breaker's roar.

The woods, the ancient woods, are robed
In crimson, gold, and green,
Where, almost hidden by their leaves,
The village church is seen:
And, close beside its holy walls,
They sleep, the young and fair; —
The old man with his hoary head,
The blooming maid, rest there.

Ay, there they lie, around whose knees
I've play'd in childhood's hours ;
The sister, who was wont with me
To twine the summer flowers.
And one fair form, with glowing cheek,
Bright brow, and flashing eyes, —
Even now, methought, upon the breeze
I heard her accents rise.

And I have lived to hear no more
Those voices in their mirth ;
To lay all that my soul held dear
Beneath the dull cold earth : —
To know that skies are bright above,
That flow'rs are in their bloom ;
But they who would have joy'd to view
All these — are in the tomb !

The pride of manhood from my step,
Has now for ever fled ;
My hopes, the buoyant hopes of youth,
Rest with the dreamless dead ;
There is a gloom upon my brow,
And in my aching heart

A fearful sense of loneliness,
Which will not thence depart.

I leave, ye scenes of happiness,
For there, where'er I tread,
Each shady walk, each sunny spot,
Recalls the loved — the dead ;
The flowers, planted by their hands,
The arbor's grassy seat,
The elm, beneath whose spreading boughs,
We loved at eve to meet.

Soon, desolate home, my voice shall sound
Upon a distant shore ;
And I may view thy groves, and streams,
And village graves, no more :
But though I mingle with the crowd,
Upon that stranger land,
My heart shall ever be with you,
Departed household band !

And oh, my childhood's friends, methinks
That ye are near me still,
To guide my wayward steps aright,
My soul with hope to fill,

By whisp'ring of the day when I
 With you again shall meet,
And, in the regions of the blest,
 Your sainted spirits greet.

Swift speeds my bark, — the glorious sun
 Has gained his mid-day height,
And full upon your place of rest
 He pours his golden light;
But ere his orb has left the skies,
 I far away shall be,
I have taken my last look, — farewell,
 Home of my heart — to thee!

THE VICTIM OF CONSUMPTION.

SHE faded slowly from us : day by day
We felt some fond dependence torn away ;
There came new symptoms of her early doom,
To shroud some lingering ray of hope in gloom,
And force conviction on the aching heart,
That soon the cherished object must depart.

She had been ever lovely, — but there now
Was such meek resignation on her brow,
Such faith and hope reflected in her face,
As gave each feature more than mortal grace,
And the soft radiance of her cheek and eye
Were as a glory lent her from the sky !

One day comes back to mind with mournful power :
We sat around her at its closing hour ;
The Bible open lay upon her knee,
And yet she seemed not reading, but to be
In pleasant meditation, by the smile
That played around her parted lips the while.

We gazed with love upon her ; when, a ray
Forced through the shading drapery its way
Into the sick girl's darkened room, and there
Shed its bright beauty o'er her glossy hair, —
And on the Book by inspiration given,
Lay, lighting up the promises of Heaven.

She raised her eyes, and marked the sunbeam fall
In wavy, golden chequers on the wall ;
Then, turning to us with a gentle sigh,
Said, in her low clear tones, " I soon shall die :
And, ere for me earth's fleeting joys are o'er,
Let me behold the sunset sky once more ! "

We raised and led her to the casement side, —
Drew back the curtain — placed, the light to hide
From eyes, though bright, yet weak — and bade her gaze
Upon the landscape bathed in Sol's last rays :
'Twas a familiar scene, and yet I deemed,
To her it never more enchanting seemed.

She looked upon the garden, gay with flowers, —
The arbor, fav'rite in health's by-gone hours, —
The smooth green lawn, where 'neath the summer shade
Of spreading beech trees, she had often played, —


And the fair lakelet, — its blue, trembling breast,
Radiant with shadows from the crimson west.

The home-bent reaper's song, the evening bell,
Upon her ear with soften'd cadence fell, —
The distant city faintly met her sight,
Its casements flashing with reflected light;
And 'mid its piles, the grave-girt house of prayer, —
We fancied that her gaze dwelt longest there.

Gay with unnumbered tints the forest shone,
By Autumn decked as for a stately throne;
And past expression glorious looked the skies,
Where the pale moonbeams blent with sunset dyes, —
And lovely she who view'd them — she and they,
Most lovely as their beauty passed away.

We turned and saw that her last look was cast
Where, from the west, the orb of day had passed,
And gently whispered; — Say, dost thou not grieve
So soon this world of loveliness to leave?
And can'st thou, without yearning tear-drops part
From scenes which held such influence o'er thy heart?"

Her kindling glance we never shall forget, —
We seem to hear the words of rapture yet;



“Earth’s charms are many, but how short their stay!
Her brightest beauties murmur of decay!
See, round yon tree its crimson foliage lies,
And night already gathers o’er the skies.”

“And if our Father’s footstool thus be fair,
If hues so bright these transient scenes can wear,
How far more great the glory of that place
Which gains its sunlight from the Saviour’s face;
Wherever hath the Godhead’s splendor shone,
And sinless hosts surround the dazzling throne!”

“I leave ye for a season; — from my eyes
The veil of death will shut out earth and skies;
But when with autumn tints the woods are red,
When glows the west above my grassy bed, —
Let nature’s radiant features to your heart
A shadow of my blissful home impart.”

We do not hear that voice of music now,
We gaze no more upon the heaven-turned brow;
Her ashes have to native dust been borne,
And wait in hope the resurrection morn;
And her pure soul, escaped from sin and woe,
Enjoys the bliss by faith descried below.

SAY NOT — “ WE PART FOR EVER ! ”

SAY not — “ We part for ever ! ”

It must not, cannot be,
That those who love thee, never
Again thy face shall see.
When ocean rolled between us,
Had hope thy bosom fled ?
And now, that thou hast seen us,
It still its light shall shed, —
O'er the dark future throwing
Its heart-reviving rays,
And, in perspective, showing
Yet many happy days !

Say not — “ We part for ever ! ”

For still to me the past
Whispers, though now we sever,
It cannot be to last ;
And mem'ry of this greeting,
Shall in our hearts remain
The faithful pledge of meeting,
Ere long, with joy again.

Say not — “ We part for ever ! ”
There is a better land ;
There may we sep’rate never,
From that beloved band,
Who, from this world of grieving,
To that blest home have past,
And who are now receiving
Their long-sought prize at last.
Oh ! parting cometh never,
To mar that heavenly rest, —
And this be our endeavor,
To meet — *among the blest !*

THE FADED LEAF.

"We all do fade as a leaf." — ISAIAH.

AY, ev'n as thine, thou wither'd leaf,
Doth human life pass by,
A season short — a period brief —
A blooming, but to die.

I gaze upon thy pallid form,
And there engraven see,
In lines which chill the life-blood warm,
"Thou too must fade like me."

Emblem of life ! when hailed we first
The Spring's rejoicing hours,
Thou from the leafless tree didst burst,
A bud, amid the bowers.

And when her vernal season run,
Earth grew more brightly fair —
Wert gladden'd by the summer sun,
And waved in summer air.

A short liv'd beauty ! scarce thy form
Did its perfection gain,
Ere the unsparing Autumn storm
Swept wildly o'er the plain.

And on the busy city street
It flung thee down to die ;
To wither, 'neath the passer's feet,
As leaves of years gone by.

And quickly too is childhood's bloom
Exchanged for manhood's stage ;
Which hastens onward to the gloom
Of chill'd and faded age.

One generation passeth by,
Almost without a trace, —
Their vacant places to supply,
There springs another race.

But, fragile glory of the bowers,
Ye fall no more to rise ;
A bright and glorious hope is ours,
A hope beyond the skies.

We trust, when fades this feeble form,
And low our bodies rest,
Beyond the reach of blight or storm,
To bloom among the blest.

He, who bestowed upon the tree
The leaves that gaily wave,
To man a noble destiny,
A part immortal gave.

Then he, with faith's aspiring eye,
Firm fixed on things above,
Might gain at last a home on high,
Through his Redeemer's love.

WHY WEEP WE FOR THE DEAD?

WHY weep we for the dead ?

— Oh, is it strange we mourn,

Strange that our tears are shed,

For lov'd ones from us torn ?

For friends, whose sympathy and worth

No more shall cheer our hearts on earth ?

They that were wont to bend

With us at time of prayer ;

Whose presence seemed to lend

Hope to the heart's despair ;

And whose fond accents brought relief,

Ev'n in the darkest hour of grief.

Silence is in the hall,

Which echoed to their mirth,—

We meet at eve — but all

Sit not beside the hearth ;

Oh, vainly do we gaze around,
Those forms no more on earth are found !

Sad, sad indeed, were life,
Without love's cheering light,
Which in this world of strife,
Still shines most purely bright ;
And when the friends we lov'd are fled,
Oh, is it strange we mourn the dead ?

Yet still we have a hope,
Which bids our tears be dry ;
We trustingly look up
To the eternal sky,
And long to gain that brighter shore,
Where grief and partings are no more.

There, there we hope to meet
The friends of early days ;
There, their lov'd forms to greet,
And swell the song of praise
To Him, the Blessed One, who gave
For us his body to the grave !

We joy in their release
From sorrow, care, and pain ;
They have found perfect peace ;
Our loss, to them is gain ;
But nature cannot check her tears,
When memory speaks of by-gone years.

TO MY BROTHER,

ON THE THIRD ANNIVERSARY OF HIS BIRTHDAY.

DEAR WILLIE, on thy natal day,
I would a simple tribute pay,
And wish my brother ev'ry joy,
That life can give thee, dearest boy!

Few years have passed since first thy birth,
Gave a new playmate to our hearth, —
And since the hour that we did hail
Thy infant smile, thy feeble wail,
No trace of care has dimmed thy brow;
Would it might ever be as now!
Would that thy life might be a day,
As vernal as thy native May;
And when the shades of night should fall,
— For night, on earth, must come to all,
Amidst the golden hues of even,
Thy sun should set, — to rise in Heaven!

It may not be — for care and strife
Are woven with the web of life ;
Short is the pleasure and the joy,
Which man may meet, without alloy ;
And thou, dear child, must have thy share,
If years are thine, of grief and care.
Nor may thy sister's humble muse,
For thee in life a pathway choose ;
Or else, perchance, her wish might be
Beyond all possibility.

I would not that the victor's wreath,
Should deck, in after years, thy brow,
— Its leaves are 'dewed with blood and death,
And tears from broken hearts that flow.
Nor would I that the voice of fame
Should loudly shout abroad thy name.

No, brother ; where, amid the wild,
Dwells nature's uninstructed child,
On Afric's burning sands, and where
Indostan's breezes scent the air ;
On Lapland's dreary plains of snow,
And where Pacific breezes blow ;

On fertile land, and desert sod,
Go thou, and preach a saving God !
This be thy task, — to teach the heart,
Now rude and wild, the better part ;
To distant regions to proclaim
A Maker's and a Saviour's name.

Thy glorious banner be the cross,
Thy armor be thy trust in God ;
And, counting all things else but loss,
Go tread the path thy Saviour trod !
Then, though thy name may not be found
On hist'ry's page, with laurels crowned, —
Though by no proud recording stone
Thy " narrow place of rest " be known,
Yet oh ! thy bright reward shall be
Lasting to all eternity !

A truce to thought ; thy voice I hear,
Its merry tones ring on mine ear ;
And now I see thy laughing eye,
Thy lightsome step goes bounding by ;
— Whate'er thy lot, may God, dear child,
Be with thee through life's stormy wild,
That He may keep thee 'neath His care,
Shall ever be thy sister's prayer !

THE MISSIONARY'S DÉPARTURE.

THE vessel waiteth that shall bear thee from thy native
shore, —

And thine eye, ere long, shall wistful turn, yet see her
hills no more, —

Yet see no more her pine-clad hills, her scenes of peace
and love ;

Or aught but the waters wide around, — the azure vault
above.

Thou hast stood amid thy childhood's haunts, thy moun-
tain home beside,

And looked on each familiar spot, with mingled love
and pride ;

Hast given and received again, affection's warm em-
brace,

And art bearing hence a message fraught with hope for
a fallen race.

They say those Islands of the West, have brighter skies
than ours ;
That gayer plumaged are their birds, and richer hued
their flowers ;
That the orange and the lime send forth sweet fragrance
on the breeze,
And an Eden seems o'ershadowed by their stately forest
trees.

But over all the loveliness hath gloom been shed by Sin ;
And death hath found a fearful feast that Paradise within ;
And the Prince of Darkness reigneth there, a scarce
resisted lord, —
Thou goest to wage war with him, — God give thee
great reward !

Men praise the conqueror's mighty deeds, they trumpet
forth his name ;
They place upon his haughty brow the laurel wreath of
fame ;
But ah ! the triumph-shout is swelled by many an or-
phan's cry,
And the garland is bedewed with tears from the lonely
widow's eye !

Oh, faithful soldier of the Cross, more great, beyond
compare,
The field thou goest forth to win, the banner thou dost
bear;
And not as his poor fading wreath, his perishing renown,
Shall be the glory gained by thee, shall be thy glittering
crown!

The Lord of Hosts be thy defence in every trying hour,
Strengthen thy frame, increase thy faith, and clothe thy
words with power; —
Give peaceful skies and speeding winds, along the
treacherous main,
And to thy own Acadian home return thee safe again.

THE SEA.

THE Sea, the Sea, the deep, blue Sea,
With its varied scenes, is most dear to me :
Whether it flash 'neath the day-god bright,
Or shine in the moonbeams silv'ry light, —
Or the sunset hues of a summer sky,
Are tinging its waves with a crimson dye, —
Whether it wake with a lion's roar,
And foaming dash on a rocky shore,
While the waves run high and the white-caps' ride
Over the black and boisterous tide, —
Or calm as a mirror, its waters lie,
Reflecting each shadow that flitteth by !

In all it is lovely, — the eye might rest
For ever untired on its changeful breast ;
But it is not for this, ~~that~~, by that word —
The Sea ! are my heart's deepest feelings stirr'd ;
Nor is it the treasures of silver and gold,
Which its dark and unpierced caverns hold, —

Nor yet for the gems that beneath it lie,
Though they equal the stars of the midnight sky;
For it hath treasures of far more worth
Than the precious stones and the gold of earth,
The loved and the loving, the free and brave,
That slumber beneath the restless wave!
— Oh, if a voice from the sea arose,
What tales of woe might it not disclose, —
From the hour that the small and the frail canoe,
First ventured forth on the placid blue, —
Till the stately frigate was seen to glide,
As conscious of majesty, over the tide!
How many forms 'neath its waters rest,
Whose presence made home and the hearth-stone blest, —
Who a lingering look on the loved ones cast,
Yet thought not, believed not, that look was the last, —
Who left them with hearts, which with hopes beat high,
But returned not again, they had left them — to die!

A mighty bark from Columbia's strand,
Set sail for Britannia's sea-girt land;
A mighty bark, for scarce before,
The foaming waves such a burden bore.
She had a hardy and gallant crew,
Who well the path to their haven knew;

Who in scenes of peril had often shared,
And boldly the waves and the tempest dared, —
And those were in her who longed to see
Again the Isle of the brave and free ;
For it was their home, and they knew that there
For them ascended the fervent prayer,
From hearts of love, that the bark might gain
A passage safe o'er the boisterous main !
And those were in her who ne'er had seen
The chalky cliffs of the ocean's Queen,
But were wont, on fancy's wing, to roam
Through the glorious scenes of that Island-home, —
And trusted, e'er long, their perils o'er,
To be landed safe on her far-famed shore !

She left the port. Days, weeks, had pass'd,
And anxious looks o'er the waves were cast ;
While many a fond heart throb'd with fear,
As time sped by, yet she drew not near !
She was seen no more ! though laden with life,
And formed to dare the ocean's strife,
She vanished away from every eye,
As the dew from the leaf, as a star from the sky !

Answer, O Sea ! for thou canst tell,
What fearful doom the lost befell ;
From the frozen North did the icebergs rush,
And to atoms the helpless victim crush ?
Did drowning fire round her bulwarks cling,
And leave her a blackened and shapeless thing ?
Or did *thy* treacherous waves arise,
And foaming dash to the angry skies,
While the gloom of despair each heart o'erspread,
As the storm burst forth on the shelterless head ?
What was their fate ? Oh, question vain !
There comes no response from the sullen main ;
No sound is heard, save a murmur low,
As waves on waves unceasingly flow !
— Of the human forms that vessel bore,
And who shall be named with the living no more,
The Sea hath not left a single trace,
To mark their fate, or their resting place !
Some should have slumbered where banners wave,
Some in the lowly village grave ;
But the daisied sod and the 'scutcheon'd dome,
Shall never afford them a final home ! —
What thought must have rushed thro' the fever'd brain,
And filled them with agonizing pain,

When toss'd on the far and lone mid-sea,
They stood on the brink of Eternity!
Of the distant home, of the cheerful hearth,
Of the grouping around in social mirth,
Of the whispered prayer, if *their* names were
heard,

Which rose at the dear familiar word, —
All these, and more with o'erwhelming power,
Must have deepened the gloom of that fearful
hour!

— But was there none at that moment nigh,
When the shriek of despair went up to the sky?
No eye to pity, no arm to save,
No power to snatch from a watery grave?
There was! Our Father's tender care,
Of all His works, was not wanting there;
Who said, when on earth, to the storm, "Be peace!"
And the waves did subside, and the tempest cease, —
Had power when all hope of earth was fled,
To cheer the heart and raise the head.
O'er their mortal parts the deep sea rolls,
But it hath not power o'er undying souls,
And we humbly bow to the wise behest,
Which gave their forms 'neath the waves to rest.

Then is it strange that the deep, dark Sea,
In brightness or gloom hath a charm for me?
— Do not our hearts to the churchyard cling,
And think of its earth as a sacred thing? —
Why tread we with awe the hallowed ground?
Why gaze we with love on each turf-heaped mound?
Does the Spirit of Beauty linger there,
Is its grass most green, or its flowers most fair?
Is it that pomp and renown are spread
O'er the silent mansion of the dead?
— Ah! no, it is that, beneath its shade,
Those whom we loved, who loved us, are laid!
'Tis sweet to the tomb of our friends to bring
The simple flowery offering:
'Tis soothing to know, "the loved lies here,"
And to shed o'er the spot affection's tear;
But the Sea, alas! hath nought to mark,
Where its victims lie, in its caverns dark,
And we only know that beneath the wave
They found a still, an untrodden grave.
Yet, oh, what boots it whether the breast
By the Sea, or the flowery turf be prest?
Calmly they lie, till the trumpet's call,
At the last great day, shall awaken all!

Still unheeding those that beneath thee sleep,
Oh, treacherous Sea, thou thy course doth keep!
— Yet why call thee treacherous? not a wave
Whether it dash o'er the mariner's grave,
Or swiftly speed the good ship away,
Or fling on the shore its glittering spray, —
From the hour that first on thy breast it rolled,
But hath been by thy Maker's hand controlled!

SKETCHES. — No. I.

It was a cold December night,
The snow fell thick and fast,
And my heart was sad for all exposed
To that keen, wintry blast!
But I looked into a pleasant home,
Well sheltered from the breeze;
It was not the abode of state,
But that of wealth and ease.
The eve's repast was on the board,
The fire was glowing bright,
And round the crimson drap'ried walls,
It shed a cheerful light.
A lovely woman I beheld,
And, seated by her side,
Was he, who, happy years ago,
Had claimed her as his bride;
The merry tones of children there,
Were ringing, glad and free,
As they clung unto their father's arm,
Or sported round his knee;

And as he viewed their happy play,
And press'd each dimpled cheek,
The parent's and the husband's pride,
Were more than words could speak.
One thing alone I saw, that cause
For sorrow could afford,
The wine cup, like a serpent's eye,
Was gleaming on the board !
As night drew on, the sounds of praise
Ascended sweetly there,
And then each little hand was clasped,
Each bright head bowed in prayer ;
I saw the parents bless their babes,
I heard the fond " Good-night,"
And soon those happy forms were wrapt
In slumbers, calm and light.

Again had Winter bared the trees,
And robed the fields in snow,
The sky was dark with heavy clouds,
A piercing wind did blow.
In a small room, around a fire,
Which threatened soon to fail,
A little group of children stood,
With hollow cheeks and pale :

The joyous, bounding heart of youth,
Seemed to have left each form,
As ever and anon they looked
Out on the driving storm !
Their heart-sick mother sat beside
Her infant's little bed,
It turned its little eyes to hers,
And feebly asked for bread ;
She raised it in her arms, and clasped
It closely to her breast,
While o'er it fell the bitter tears,
Which long had been repressed.
She was the once fair, happy wife,
But, oh, how alter'd now !
The rose had left her cheek, and care
Was written on her brow.
What wonder if, while roved her eyes,
Around that cheerless scene,
And mem'ry conjured up the thoughts
Of what she once had been, —
In the recesses of her heart,
The fatal cause she cursed,
Which robb'd of every comfort those
In luxury once nursed.

But not for her own pain or care,
Did that sad woman mourn ;
Hardship and toil, without a sigh,
She cheerfully had borne !
But thus to see the blight of shame
Upon her children cast ;
To see, into a drunkard's grave,
Her husband sinking fast :
Oh, this it was that wrung her heart
With deepest, direst woe :
This caused, when all around was still,
The bitter tears to flow !
But hark ! her husband's step, — poor babes,
Why run ye not to greet
Your father's form ? why place ye not
His old accustomed seat ?
Is it a dream, or standeth he
Indeed before me now ?
Gone is the proud and stately step,
The high, commanding brow !
And although altered be his form,
By that debasing sin ;
Yet oh, more strangely, sadly changed,
The mind, the man within !

The joys of home, of love, afford
 No pleasure to his soul ;
Beast like, he turns from them, to seek,
 To drain the madd'ning bowl.
Ascended once within his home,
 The sound of praise and prayer ;
Ah, now the drunkard's song alone,
 The drunkard's oath, are there !
Ask ye what wrought this fearful change ?
 He loved to see the wine
Upon his hospitable board,
 With ruby lustre shine.
He knew the mischief it had wrought,
 Yet, futile boast and vain !
"The weak may fall," he proudly cried,
 "I can myself restrain !"
And sleeping thus in fancied strength,
 On ruin's verge he ran,
He woke, to find himself, alas !
 A fallen, fettered man !
Remorse is gnawing at his heart,
 While ever to his eye,
When reason reigns, present themselves
 The scenes of days gone by.

And when their stinging memory
To still, he vainly tries,
Back to the baneful cause of all,
Despairingly he flies.

Curse of mankind ! thou fruitful source
Of pain, and crime, and woe !
When shall thy pois'nous waters cease
O'er this fair earth to flow ?

Pleasant and beautiful it is
When round the graceful vine,
In rich luxuriance, we see
The purple clusters twine ;
But when the gift, which God bestowed,
The fevered lip to cool,
Is wrought, by demon art, to turn
A man into a fool !

Nay ! worse than fool, a very brute !
To drown in sensual joy,
The gifts of soul, he should, to serve
His fellow men, employ ;
To close his breast to sympathy,
To turn into a hell,

The home where peace and comfort ought,
Alone, for ever dwell, —
Howe'er enticingly and bright
The treacherous cup may flow,
Sick'ning, we turn from thee, and loathe,
The source of sin and woe.

SKETCHES. — No. II.

I SAW him at the festive board,
 When mirth grew loud and high,
 When joy was heard in ev'ry tone,
 And beamed from ev'ry eye.
 His form was in its manly prime ;
 Health mantled on his cheek ;
 His ample, curl-encircled brow,
 Did intellect bespeak ;
 Genius illum'd his eyes, and wit
 Flowed frequent from his tongue,
 While all around, applaudingly,
 Upon his accents hung.
 He raised his voice and lauded high
 The use of madd'ning wine,
 And bade them fill a bumper, free
 And flowing, to the Vine ;
 And in its praise his words were strong,
 His thoughts were gay and bright, —
 Alas ! a false, delusive strength,
 An "ignis fatuus" light !

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To the fierce regions of the North,
It rushed along the deep !
Nor long their bark, though strong and brave,
The fearful contest bore,
But, vainly striving, 'neath the wave
It sank, to rise no more.

Ah ! who the fearful scene can paint
Of that tremendous hour, —
When bravest hearts grew sick and faint,
And strong men lost their power ?
When thoughts of home, and friends most dear,
Rush'd through the shiv'ring heart, —
Now that the fearful hour was near,
That it from life must part !

They sank, the bridegroom and the bride,
Beneath the o'erwhelming wave ;
The deep and ever rolling tide
Flows o'er their common grave ;
In vain shall friends with straining eyes,
The distant deep descry ;
No more the Luna's sails shall rise
Beneath the azure sky.

Now, in her much-loved home, is found
Mourning, where late was mirth,
For her, whose voice's gentle sound,
No more shall glad its hearth.
She resteth not 'neath summer bowers,
No tears her corpse may lave,
Nor fond Affection strew the flowers
O'er her untimely grave.

Above her youthful head, the sea
Its spraying surges flung, —
And the wild wind's deep melody,
A funeral anthem sung !
Nor till the Archangel's trump shall sound,
The sea give up its dead,
Shall *she*, o'er whom its waves resound,
Rise from her ocean bed !

SONG OF THE STREAM.

Oh, heard ye the sound of the fast-flowing stream,
As it rushed from the mountains and sped o'er the plain,
Like a voice to mine ear did its murmurings seem,
And methought that I heard from its waters a strain!

“I have been where the eagle looks down from its nest,
And cold was my pathway, and chilly the air,
As I rolled down the mountain's old snow-covered breast,
And dashed o'er the shingles, all jagged and bare.

“Then wild was my glory, and mighty my pride,
As I covered the rocks with the foam of my wave, —
And the foot of no mortal e'er stood by my side,
Or the stream of the mountain had swept o'er his grave!

“Now rejoicing I go through a beautiful mead,
Where the flowers on my banks give perfume to the air,
While many a willow bends o'er me its head,
And all things around me more verdant appear.

“ And children oft come, with their tresses of gold,
To play on my banks, or to gaze on my stream,
And a peal of wild laughter their pleasure has told,
As they saw their own forms from my clear waters gleam !

“ Yet onward I haste, for I dare not to stay,
Though fain would I linger where all is so bright,
Till I mingle with many more streams on my way,
And we roll on together, rejoicing in might.

“ And by cities of fame shall our pathway be found,
O'er our waves the tall frigate in safety shall glide,
Till the roar of the ocean our murmur has drowned,
And the river is lost in its deep rolling tide ! ”

LINES

TO THE MEMORY OF THE LATE MRS. H — Y.

THY form, young mother, from our eyes
In bloom of life has pass'd ;
But thou hast found a shelter now
From every earthly blast.
Though no more in thy home is heard
Thy well remembered voice,
Thou dost before the throne of God
In coral strains rejoice.

Oh, who would mourn thy blissful change ?
— From pain and sorrow here,
Translated to a brighter world,
A holier, happier sphere :
Thy form, by sickness worn, is now
In robes of white arrayed,
And glorious is the crown which rests
Upon thy sainted head !

But not, young mother, not for thee,
The bitter tears are shed, —
Not that thy much-lov'd name so soon
Is number'd with the dead ; —
They fall for him who hoped, with thee
To tread the path of life,
He who hath call'd thee by the name,
The tender name of wife.

He'll miss thee from his side, what time
The Sabbath bells we hear, —
He'll miss thy soft responsive voice,
When bow'd in household prayer ;
And when at twilight hour, young forms
Are clustering round his knee,
And eyes of love look up to his —
He will remember thee !

And for the bright-haired boy, to whom
Thy memory will seem
Ev'n as the almost faded trace
Of some delightful dream, —
And for the infant ones, who lie
Wrapped in their tranquil sleep,

And who shall never know thy love, —
— Have we not cause to weep ?

Oh, One alone can heal the wound,
Which thy untimely death
Has made within the hearts of those
Who caught thine earliest breath.
And He will teach thy friends, though hard,
The trial to sustain ;
“ God is his own interpreter,
And he will make it plain.”

Perhaps, loved saint, ev'n now thine eyes,
Which beam with purest love,
View those who sojourn yet on earth,
From thy blest seat above ;
And one bright hope is theirs, a hope
Which can their peace restore, —
That they may meet thee in that world,
Where parting is no more.

THE OLD OAK TREE.

FULL many a tree the forest hath
Of broad, luxurious shade, —
By which, for travellers' noon-day path,
Cool canopy is made ; —
The Willow, waving by the stream,
The Beech o'er mossy dell, —
And Elm, that long in poets' dream,
Hath been distinguished well.

I love to view in still warm hour,
The Aspen's trembling spray, —
And sweet to me the hawthorn bower
In vernal June's array, —
Or Ash, amid whose leafy braid,
The scarlet berries shine, —
Or, statelier far, in tangled glade,
The dark, yet hoary Pine.

But best of all the Oak I love,
And proudest form it wears

When waving such a home above,
As that Armena shares ;
The flowers form their gayest wreath,
The baby gambols free,
For nought of harm is feared beneath
The homestead's sheltering tree.

And sweetly when at eve and morn,
The faithful prayer ascends,
The solemn sound is thither borne,
And with its rustling blends ;
And sweetly when some holy song,
The maiden's lips essay,
The breeze that dwells its leaves among,
Doth mingle with her lay.

Long may that stately tree retain
Its spread and length of bough ;
Long to that household band remain
As dear a sign as now ;
A sign that still — though time may part,
Though far its members roam —
Shall ever to the constant heart
Betoken love and home.

THE LOST AT SEA.

“The sea, the blue lone sea, hath one,
He lies where pearls lie deep ;
He was the loved of all, yet none
O’er his lone bed may weep !”

MRS. HEMANS.

WE looked for him, when Spring called forth
The voices of bird and stream ;
We looked for him, when flowers sprang up,
’Neath the Summer’s fervid beam ;
When the forest wore its richest dress,
And reaped was the bending corn ;
And when, on the piercing wintry blast,
The drifted snow was borne.

He had been the gentlest in hours of grief,
The gladdest in hours of glee ;
And to us it was almost death to think
That his face we no more should see !

We brought to remembrance each oft-told tale
Of delay on the mighty deep,
And banished far from our hearts the thought,
That he slept his long, last sleep.

In dreams of the night we would rove with him
Through the scenes of childish hours, —
Would the pebble fling in the narrow stream,
Or gather the dewy flowers ;
He would sit by the side of the winter hearth,
When the family group met there,
And bend, as he ever was wont to do,
At the hour of household prayer.

But in his glance there was something strange,
And we never heard his voice,
Whose gentle and loving tones had made,
So often, our hearts rejoice.
And when once he came in a dripping shroud,
As if from the green sea wave,
We felt it an omen, alas ! ' too sure,
That our loved one had found a grave !

There would be sorrow in ev'ry tone,
And tears each eye would dim,

When we gathered together at twilight hour,
And thought and spoke of him ;
Yet we never breathed to each other the fears,
Which wrung our breasts with pain,
But strove our desponding hearts to cheer,
With the hope of his coming again.

And, oh, we longed and prayed to know
The fate of our early lost,
For we felt it were better than thus to be,
'Mid doubt and conjecture, tost ;
Our prayer was heard, and by stranger lips
Were the fearful tidings told,
That o'er the form we looked to see,
The sounding billows rolled !

They said that the good ship swiftly sped
Before a favoring breeze,
When, sudden and wild, the northern blast
Swept o'er the foaming seas ;
And each crested wave, like a giant form,
O'er the vessel's bulwarks past,
Till our sailor boy by their might was torn
From his hold on the bending mast !

Years have gone by, and gentle peace

In our breasts hath regained her sway,
And his name has seldom passed our lips,

Since the tale of that fatal day :

But on our hearts it is graven deep,

And never erased shall be,

Till summoned hence by the voice of Death,

To join our Lost at Sea.

LINES

IN MEMORY OF THE LATE LAMENTED MCPHERSON.

THE early dead we mourn, —
They of the blooming cheek and hopeful heart,
Called, in the noontide of their life, to part
With the bright sunshine, for death's shadowy bourne.

Earth hath so much of bliss —
So much of beauty — mingled with its ills,
That the young soul with glad emotion thrills,
And asks no better happiness than this.

So, when the solemn tread
Of the pale monarch soundeth at the door,
And the delusive dream may charm no more,
What wonder if his call be heard with dread!

But wherefore weep for those
Whose joys fled fast, and sorrows thickly came,
And pining Melancholy seemed to claim,*
From life's dull opening, to its gloomy close?

* "And Melancholy marked him for her own."

The grave hath quiet sleep ;
And blissful treasures, high in heaven, remain
For those who, struggling through their lot of pain,
Their faith and hope in God unwavering keep.

And he, we trust, was such,
O'er whose untimely fate Acadia sighs ;
He, from whose lyre such sweet sad tones would rise,
When woke the strings beneath his gentle touch.

Life's flowers but thinly grew
Around his pathway, and the sunbeams bright
Too seldom cheered him with their clear warm light,
But rather, cloud-obscured, faint radiance threw.

And the desire of fame,
To which his nature did so fondly cling, —
The hope that death should not oblivion bring,
But in his country's pride should live his name, —

Burned with a flame too strong —
Too ardent — for his mind's abode of clay,
And joined with dark adversity, to weigh
His soul to earth, and sadden all his song.

Then let the tear of grief
Be dried, from joy that he has gained, at last,
The haven where the ills of Time are past,
And the tried spirit hath most sure relief.

The lyre we hear no more,
He, doubtless, tuneth to a loftier strain;
And its soft music swells, unmixed with pain,
In hymns triumphal, on the heavenly shore.

So, Friendship smiles to see
That his loved land his name in memory bears:
But Faith rejoiceth more to know he shares
The Life, all-blissful, of Eternity.

INSCRIPTION IN A BIBLE.

WHEN the blasts of sorrow rise,
Heavy clouds o'erspread the skies,
When the loved are lost to view,
Or the trusted prove untrue ;
To this Book for comfort flee,
It hath promises for thee !

When the world would claim thy love,
Draw thy thoughts from things above,
Lure with many a specious art,
From thy hope, thy God to part ;
To this Book for counsel flee,
It hath warning words for thee !

In temptation's trying hour,
When the Evil One hath power,
Would'st thou all his rage restrain,
Make his fiercest onsets vain ?
To this Book for succor flee,
It hath sword and shield for thee !

When upon the bed of pain,
Fever scorching every vein,
Heavy eye and aching brow,
All thy frame with anguish bow,
Here for balm of Gilead flee,
It hath healing words for thee.

When the hour of death is near,
It shall soothe each ling'ring fear,
Cheer thee with a Saviour's love,
Whisper of thy home above,
And, to thy last moment, be
Friend and comforter to thee!

TO CHILDREN AT PLAY.

LITTLE ones, whose tiny feet,
With the butterfly compete, —
Gathering through the morning hours,
Childish store of fruits and flowers ;
Bright your eyes, and pure your glee ;
What hath care to do with ye ?

Yet I marked, by yonder glen,
Sunburnt groups of toiling men ;
Swiftly fell each reaper's stroke,
Not a word the stillness broke, —
Checked seemed every sigh of glee,
Yet they once were young as ye.

On your cheeks a tint there glows,
Such as only Health bestows ;
Thick your sands, and slow to pass
Through the ancient mower's glass ;
Years before you seem to be, —
What hath Death to do with ye ?

Yet, through yonder shady lane,
See a melancholy train :
Now, with solemn steps they bear
To his rest a man of care ;
Life hath nought for such as he,
Yet he once was young as ye.

But I would not have you trace
Thoughts like these upon my face ;
Innocent and happy things,
Seize the joy each moment brings ;
Many may these moments be,
Ere life's shadows fall on ye !

TO A FRIEND ON HIS DEPARTURE.

Few days have seen thy presence here,
And now, with mournful spell,
There comes, to wring the parting tear,
The bitter word — “Farewell.”
We scarce have time to clasp thy hand,
Thy voice, and step to learn, —
Before, to thy own household band,
Thou dost again return.

Alas! since last we saw thy face,
The loved have left our side;
Our circle hath a vacant place,
That ne’er can be supplied:
Our aged Sire, beneath the earth,
Is laid in quiet sleep,
And memory of his love and worth
Is all we have to keep.

But who, Beloved, who shall live,
Thee here again to view,

Who, at thy coming back, shall give
The welcome warm and true :
Some form, that now in health is found,
The grass may spring above,
Some voice may cease in mirth to sound,
Some eye to beam with love.

Ah ! it is this that wrings the heart
With agonizing pain,
'Tis this that makes it hard to part,
We may not meet again.
We feel, while sad farewell we say,
And lingering glances cast,
This parting word may be for aye,
This look may be the last.

But let these vain misgivings cease,
And raise our thoughts on high, —
So live, that we may join in peace,
Above this changeful sky ;
The songs of Zion, gladly sweet,
Shall not of parting tell,
If not on earth, in heaven to meet,
God bless thee, — fare thee well.

PRESENTIMENTS.

NEW YEAR'S DAY.

Yes, I am here, —

I mingle with your smiling throng to-day,
But, when returns the next rejoicing year,
I shall be far away.

Ye shall not hear my voice,

Your eyes shall not meet mine in answering mirth,
And yet I would not have it check your joys,
To know me cold in earth.

For though upon my bed —

My lowly bed — the snowy covering lies, —
My soul, ye shall remember, is not dead,
But dwelleth in the skies.

And ye shall smile to know,

That my weak spirit hath no more to bear
The burden of temptation, sin, and woe,
Which all the living share.

Joy for the quiet dead !

Bliss for the early summoned to the skies ;
Let not, above her grave, your tears be shed,
Or selfish sorrow rise.

But faithful wait your time,

And, living, bear in mind the dying hour ;
Then, dear ones, meet me in the happy clime,
Where death no more has power.

The above lines were composed by the writer a year previous to her death. She was then in the possession of her usual health, but the ensuing New Year's day found her an inmate of the "narrow house, appointed for all living;" while in exact fulfilment of her remarkable "Presentiments," the first snow of the season fell just in time to cover her "lowly tomb."

RETURNING SPRING.

RETURNING Spring ! the very sound
Is fraught with joy to all,
And man, like nature, seems unbound
From some soul-chilling thrall ;
Even boyhood, that in Autumn pined
For Winter's gloomy skies,
And longed to see the streams confined,
The fleecy storms arise, —
Now weary of his icy toys,
His snow house, slide, and ball,
Begins to think the coming joys
Are better than them all.

E'en unto him, who, day by day,
Toils on in city street,
The general gladness finds its way,
And yields its influence sweet ;

His path may still be dry and bare,
The houses dark and high,—
But he can see that everywhere
Is spread a smiling sky ;
He may not tread the fresh, green sward,
Or hear young Nature's voice,
But he can know the Spring abroad,
Can feel it, and rejoice.

But oh ! more precious still to those,
Who fevered couch have pressed,
The promise which the Spring bestows,
Of health's refreshing rest ;
How quaff they, with impatient breath,
Her pure and balmy air,
As it had power to snatch from death,
And wasted strength repair.
They go to seek her on the hills,
And in the woodland wild,
And as new hope their bosom thrills,
They bless her presence mild.

So sought I, in the early morn,
A favorite haunt of old ;

Yet, wearied, when I reached my bourne,
 Could scarce its charms behold ;
For sickness, late, had made me weak,
 My buoyancy had fled ;
And there was paleness on my cheek,
 And languor in my tread.
But who could feel so soft a breeze,
 Or look on such a scene,
And not obtain a sense of ease,
 A spirit more serene ?

There was no cloud upon the sky,
 No ripple on the wave,
That came in slow and silently,
 The pebbly beach to lave ;
While on the water's tranquil breast
 The hills their shadow threw,
The deep green of their " piney crest"
 Blending with heavenly blue.
New grace did every object gain,
 Reflected calmly there,
The mirror, fair itself, would fain
 Like love, show all things fair.

The Spring's fresh, dewy robe was spread,
O'er many a goodly field,
Which, when the farmer's toil is sped,
His rich reward shall yield.
I marked the pines, a stately range,
And prized the hue they wore,
Which, like true friendship, knows no change,
When wintry tempests roar ; —
And there were songs from every spray,
Where sweet birds homes had found,
And made, with many a joyous lay,
The quiet woods resound.

Then I bethought me of a song,
Earth shall not hear again, —
Though once it gush'd forth pure and strong,
In most melodious strain ;
He sleepeth now, a quiet sleep,
Unwaked by grief or love,
Who longed where Spring's fresh breezes sweep,
Her flow'rets bed, to rove ;
And though the "genial May" is near,
Though earth of charms hath store,

Dimmed is his eye, and dulled his ear,
The Poet * heeds no more.

Where rests the Bard? his grave beside,
Hushed should be noisy life;
He could not bear its scorn and pride,
He sickened at its strife;
But earliest birds should warble there,
And earliest flowers arise —
Vain thought! how void of such a care,
The dust that mouldering lies!
To him who loved these earthly things,
Are loftier visions given,
And now the raptured Poet sings '
Eternal Spring, in Heaven.

My heart was sad when first I gained
My mimic journey's close;
And melancholy fancies reigned,
And mournful thoughts arose;
But now, the gladness, fresh and free,
Which Heaven around had shed,

* M^cPherson.

Its cheering influence had on me,
And care and sorrow fled ;
So, thankful, I my steps retraced,
Nor failed with me to bring
Sweet memory of the charms that graced
That morning in the Spring.

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PART II.

POEMS BY MARY E. HERBERT.



ACADIA'S FLOWER.

PART I.

SHE stood within a lofty hall,
A maiden young and fair ;
But pallid was her cheek, her brow
Had caught the tints of care.

Lustrous her dark eyes shone, — and yet
They wore a softened light,
As though their lustre had been dimmed
By sorrow's gloomy night.

Around her young mouth played a smile,
Of rare and touching grace,
That, like a sunbeam, lighted up
Her sweetly pensive face.

And yet, of joys, that lent their ray
To cheer life's early morn,
Then vanished, like the sparkling dew,
Leaving her heart forlorn ;

Of blighted hopes, that once had made
Her future pathway bright ;
Of faded pleasures, — seemed to speak
The step subdued, though light.

Oh, Sorrow, in thy school is trained
Full many a noble heart ;
Meek resignation, patient faith,
To such thou dost impart :

The sympathy, that knows full well
A brother's grief to share, —
That listens to the tale of woe,
And wipes the falling tear :

That bids the bowed-down form arise,
No more enwrapt in gloom ;
And marks the radiant path that leads
To glory through the tomb :

These were the arts thy pupil learned,
A pupil apt was she,
Who never murmured at the rule
Of stern adversity.

She stood alone ; though near her thronged
The beautiful and gay,
A stranger, from Acadia's shores,
She tarried but a day.

Sweet voices fell upon her ear,
And streams of laughter glad ;
Music, and light, and love, were there,
Ah, she alone was sad.

Yet one there was, who marked the maid,
Unnoticed by the throng,
And strove her loneliness to cheer,
With pleasant tale and song.

And from a glittering vase he brought
Exotics rich and rare,
" To deck," he said, with playful smile,
" Her dark and glossy hair." .

" Most beautiful these flowers," she cried,
" But one is here, to me,
Ah dearer far than all the rest,
What can that flower be ?

“ Half hidden by its rivals fair,
It shrinks with modest grace,
As though amid those gorgeous tints,
It felt how strange its place.

“ It wears no flush of loveliness,
A pallid, simple flower,
Yet never half so fair it seemed
To me, as at this hour.

“ For oh, its perfume bears my soul
To other scenes away,
Banish the music and the song,
This spacious hall and gay.

“ And once more in my native land,
Within its grand old woods,
I listen to the streams that wind
Amid their solitudes.

“ Oh childhood's flower, ‘ first loved and best,’
I seem again to be,
Forgetful of the lapse of time,
A child, in search of thee.

“ I feel the balmy breath of May,
I mark the brightening sky,
While sweet, familiar voices seem
In melody to vie.

“ For they, whom long ago the grave
Snatched from my fond embrace,
Return, in beauty all renewed,
Those greenwood bowers to grace.

“ And kneeling on the mossy sod,
Beneath the dark green pine,
With eager hands we pluck the flowers,
And round our brows entwine.”

She ceased, — but eyes that shone through tears,
And quivering lips all told,
What cherished memories of the past
The Mayflower might unfold.

And he, who sat beside her then,
And gazed in that fair face, —
Within his heart, for evermore,
Her image found a place.

PART II.

THREE years had passed ; and Spring had decked
Acadia's bowers anew,
When, gliding o'er Chebucto's waves,
A bark appeared in view.

The stranger to her native land,
The gallant vessel bore,
Perchance its health-inspiring breeze
Might faded bloom restore.

With wasted frame and hectic cheek,
She came, once more, to see
The sunny haunts of early years,
How dear to memory.

Upon the vessel's deck she stood,
With eager outstretched hand,
What wonder that her eyes were dim, —
It was her native land.

She marked again its glistening spires,
Its forts, its islands fair ;
She listened to its Sabbath bells,
Whose music filled the air :

And then, with eager glance, she turned
To where, in lofty pride,
Her native forests, circling stood,
And time and change defied.

Few days had passed, ere she reposed
Beneath their grateful shade ;
And listened to the robins' chirp,
And by the streamlets strayed.

Again the pink-hued Mayflower plucked,
While to her cheek there came
A tint, that seemed to promise health,
And brighter burned life's flame.

And he, — within whose soul she dwelt,
As in a sacred shrine,
Who for her love, with joyful heart,
Could home and friends resign, —

While gazing on her glowing cheek,
And brightly kindling eye,
Too fondly deemed the bitterness
Of death had all passed by.

Ah, Love, thy sweetest draughts are drugged
With sorrow, pain, and tears,
Thy hours of rapture but enhance
The misery of years.

And when again the Mayflower came,
To glad Acadia's bowers ;
When laughing Spring, with footsteps light,
Led on the joyous hours ;

She paused beside a narrow mound,
And tears of pity shed,
Then gently o'er her favorite's grave
An emerald carpet spread.

And these, obedient to her call,
The fairest Mayflowers bloom,
Bright emblems of a life renewed,
In bliss beyond the tomb.

ADDRESS TO THE SOUL.

Oh, slumbering Soul, arise to see
How quick the precious moments flee ;
Awake from dreams of earthly fame,
To win thyself a glorious name, —
Enrolled within the Book of Life,
One with immortal honors rife.

Linger not now, where Fancy gay
Bedecks with flowers the smiling way ;
Listen no more to Hope's sweet song,
Her strains thy slumbers but prolong ;
But haste thee Duty's steps to mark
Where paths are steep, and skies are dark.
What though no longer by thy side
The forms of Love and Joy abide ;
Though Friendship's smiles beam fainter now,
And cares the buoyant spirit bow ;
Still onward press, before thee lies
The distant, radiant Paradise.

Nor fear, thou comfortless shalt be,
For Peace her balm shall shed for thee ;
Her smiles can cheer the saddest heart,
And to the fainting, strength impart ;
While Faith, with calm, abiding trust,
Shall tell of joys that wait the just,
And heavenly Hope, on pinions fleet,
Shall soar thy future home to greet.

What, lingering yet, earth's toys to clasp,
Which still elude thine eager grasp ?
Ah, vainly these the spirit bind,
They may not satisfy the mind ;
Then onward haste, yon distant goal
Is worthy the immortal soul.

There knowledge spreads her widest page,
And amplest powers of thought engage ;
There, on the vision beauties beam,
Such as ne'er gladdened fancy's dream ;
While on the balmy atmosphere
Float notes of music, soft and clear,
The victor's glistening crown to win,
And far from sorrow, care, and sin,

To gain a mansion bright above,
Prepared for thee by Heavenly Love;
Ah, these are objects worthy thought,
Worthy with ardor to be sought;
Then oh, let these thine hours employ,
Fling from thy grasp each earth-born toy, —
And onward haste, yon distant goal
Is worthy the immortal soul.

DREAMS.

I DREAMED I strayed in a garden fair,
Where choicest flowers were found ;
And I plucked one brightly damask rose,
But it withered and fell on the ground.

In purple and gold, their regal robes,
Heart's Ease invitingly shone,
With trembling haste my hand assayed
To claim them as my own.

I gathered, and in my girdle placed,
But no longer seemed they fair, —
For the purple and golden tints had fled,
And I flung them away in despair.

I dreamed I walked in a shady grove,
Where the blue and sunny sky,
As it bent in tender and winning love,
Was the only canopy.

But a moment past, and thick darkness spread
O'er the horizon's smiling face ;
And the angry clouds, as they gathered fast,
Seemed the thunder's path to trace.

Again I dreamed, in my childhood's home
I looked on the faces dear, —
And the forms, that the turf hath gently pressed,
For many a weary year.

But they vanished away from my longing eyes,
And sadly I woke to see
The pale, gray light of the early morn,
With its cold reality.

But oh, is it only when sleep enwraps
The frame, with its soothing spell,
That visions, the tender, the blissful and fond,
Our bosoms with rapture swell ?

Nay, nay, as the golden light of morn
Is bathing the eastern hills,
What glittering fancies, attendant, throng,
And the spirit with hope still thrills.

With eager haste life's roses we pluck,
But quickly they fade away ;
And joys which we fancied *Heart's Ease* would yield,
With anguish our trust repay.

And soon is the cloudless sky o'ercast,
Which, in childhood, promised fair,
For a long, blest, sunny summer's day,
And an evening calm and clear.

While, one by one, from the household band,
The cherished ties depart,
And from dreams of earthly happiness,
Sadly awakens the heart.

But oh, I have heard of a happier land,
Where flowers profusely bloom ;
But they never fade in that balmy clime,
Or are scattered over a tomb.

Then the parted-long, with rapture meet,
Forgotten forever their fears ;
And the bliss of that moment must surely repay
The woes of unnumbered years.

There no tempest of grief the soul assails,
By despair, on quicksands driven,
But each face reflects unbroken joy,
And that blissful land is heaven.

SATURDAY EVE.

I'm glad the weary week is done,
Is vanished with the setting sun ;
My heart is sick of noisy mirth,
Of all the vain concerns of earth ;
And joyful is the day that brings
Such blissful healing on its wings.

For then my thoughts are free to stray,
Where hallowed Fancy leads the way ;
No longer bound, they gladly soar
Where raptured cherubim adore ;
And pausing at the gates of light,
Entrancing visions greet my sight.

Oh, Sabbath-day, at thy return,
Hope, Faith, and Joy more brightly burn ;
Life's weary ones, awhile forget
The snares that all their path beset ;
In musings on that happier day,
Which shall for all their griefs repay.

While Memory, that faithful friend,
That loves the pilgrim's steps to tend,
Invokes, from out the dreamy past,
Those blissful hours too bright to last ;
When they, the earliest loved and best,
Enjoyed with us the day of rest.

Divided, some by mountain wave,
Some sleeping in a nameless grave ;
Others have worldly grown, and cold,
The Sabbath charms not as of old ;
Yet precious as in by-gone years,
Unchanged by time each form appears.

What though to many cares a prey,
We mark the six days glide away ;
More fondly prized the hour of peace,
That brings the spirit sweet release ;
And, loosening chains that bind to earth,
Reminds it of its loftier birth.

Oh, Sabbath-day, uncheered by thee,
A worthless thing this life would be ;

Encrusted with a worldly mould,
Imbued with sordid thirst for gold ;
Devotion's fires would soon decay,
And purest friendships pass away.

Therefore with joy I hail again,
The hour that speeds thy gentle reign ;
Memento of a Father's care,
Whose value time may ne'er declare ;
Type of existence yet to be,
Forerunner of Eternity.

NAY, DROOP NOT DESPONDINGLY.

NAY, droop not despondingly; bright days are near,
The darkness will vanish, and sunshine appear;
Give not place to repining, for, even now, fly
The clouds that so long have o'ershadowed the sky;
And quickly the dawning of Heaven's own light,
Shall dispel the deep gloom, and the sadness of night.

Oh say not life's thorns have exceeded its flowers,
Or its moments of sorrow, its happiest hours;
Look back on the past; doth thy vision not rest
On the green paths thy wilderness journey that blest?
On the fountain, refreshing, that sprang in the glade?
On the tree, whose broad branches gave shelter and
shade.

Of the days of thy childhood, oh, think for awhile,
When thy tears were all chased by a fond mother's smile;
Of the charms of thy home and its fireside dear,
And the circle that loved in its pleasures to share;
Of the glorious and golden enchantments of youth,
When earth seemed the blest habitation of truth.

And oh, if while turning thy thoughts on the past,
Thou mourn that its loveliness faded so fast ;
Remember the present, what blessings are thine,
Above, and around thee, then scorn to repine ;
Still cheers doth the sunshine, all nature is glad,
The streams sing contentment, thou only art sad.

What though penury's blast may have chilled the warm
heart,
Though friends that caressed thee, now haste to depart ;
Though vanished are glances, that blest thee of yore,
Which time, ever changing, may never restore ;
Still, still let Hope whisper, the future hath cheer,
Hath scenes of enjoyment, as well as of care.

Then oh, like the willow-tree, bend to the blast,
Nor fear that the tempest forever shall last ;
Forget not whose gracious Hand gently doth guide,
Through life's thorny mazes, — then faithful abide ;
And soon shall Heaven's sunshine more radiant appear,
As it chases away all the shadows of care.

ON AN OLD DWELLING.

THERE are some who fondly love to dwell
On their old ancestral halls ;
Who speak of the glory that even now
Seems to halo their sacred walls ;
While others delight in the rural cot,
Where their childhood's days were spent ;
And the daisied field, and the ivied spire,
With life's gayest hours are blent.

But, oh ! to the city-child, is there not
A charm, too, encircling his home ;
Doth not bright remembrance turn to it,
Though afar his steps may roam ?
Yes, yes ! for the heart will fondly cling
To that spot, though rude it be,
Where first, in spirit, he learned to soar
To the heaven he seemed to see.

Therefore, old dwelling, I joy to gaze
On thy smoke-stained roof again,

And mark the gleam of the setting sun
Illum'ning each window pane ;
But oh, on thy threshold, a stranger I stand,
And the doors are closed to me,
That once, at my touch, flew open wide,
And gave me a welcome free.

Fain would I enter, but better thus,
For my heart would be filled with gloom,
As I trod thy narrow-winding stairs,
And gazed in each vacant room.
I would pine for voices I might not hear,
I would ask for the clasping hand,
And bitter yearnings would pierce my soul,
As I miss'd the household band.

For I know that silence has brooded long
On each once familiar name ;
Gone are the flowers the casement graced,
And extinguished the hearth's bright flame.
But fancy is ever whispering to me,
That their tones again I should hear ;
And if I entered, to meet me would come,
The forms that my soul held dear.

And oh, when weary and worn with care,

 In spirit I fly to thee ;

I sit again in the parlor small,

 In the arm-chair, sacred to me ;

I mark on the gaily-papered walls,

 The flickering fire-light gleam ;

And over my spirit a quiet steals,

 Like the balm of a pleasant dream.

And often, how often, I love to recall

 Each long and delightful night,

When the well-read book, and the converse sweet,

 Made the winter's gloom seem bright ;

For oh, though dwelling in noisy site,

 'Mid the city's traffic rude,

The Poet's lays were as dear to us,

 As in rural solitude.

And, as a picture, the beauty retains

 Of the face it resembles no more,

For time has stolen the bloom from the cheek,

 And the eye's brilliant sunshine is o'er.

So, deep in my heart is thy image portrayed,

 With the brightness and beauty of yore,

For with thee life's tenderest thoughts are linked,
And come thronging to vision once more.

Therefore, old dwelling, I joy to gaze
On thy smoke-stained roof again,
And mark the gleams of the setting sun,
Illum'ning each narrow pane.
And though on thy threshold a stranger I stand,
And thy doors are closed to me,
In memory's tablets I have thee still,
Thou my home wilt continue to be.

TO THE MEMORY OF A BELOVED ONE.

TEARS, bring your offering;
See where she lieth,
List, for the breezes
Her requiem sigheth.

Tears, bring your offering;
Beauty has fled,
The rose and the lily
Forsaken the dead.

Tears, bring your offering;
For lofty the mind,
Sparkling the genius,
This dust once enshrined.

Tears, bring your offering;
For gentle her heart,
Faithful in friendship,
Death only could part.

Smiles, bring your offering ;
Earth's turmoil and care
Disturbs not the sleeper,
Sweet rest hath she here.

Weary her journey,
But soon was it o'er ;
Joy, bring your offering,
She sorrows no more.

Heaven hath our loved one
Received to its rest ;
Praise, bring your offering,
We mourn not the blest.

“SHALL AULD ACQUAINTANCE BE FORGOT!”

FORGOTTEN ! never, banished be the thought,
For hard indeed must be that heart and cold,
That lingers not on memories of the past,
Of smiles that cheered him in the days of old.
What though by mount and sea we severed are,
What though the forms, familiar, haste no more
With kindly greeting, and with outstretched hand,
To cheer our hearts as in the days of yore ;
What though we list for well-remembered tones,
And vainly sigh each accent sweet to hear,
The heart still hoards among its precious things,
The memory of these “auld acquaintance” dear.

It may be, many years have past since first,
With friendship kind, they cheered our rugged way ;
But gay and smiling, as in by-gone scenes,
We can recall their images to-day.
Time may not steal those relics of the past,
Imperishable they shall still remain,

While hope, and memory, and love shall last,
Ere dust return unto its dust again.
Bear witness waves, that bathe our rock-bound coast,
Have not your sparkling surface mirrored eyes,
All dim with tears, while the sweet summer's breeze
Bore on its wings to those unnumbered sighs?
The loved ye severed from us, cruel waves,
Whose distant course our vision failed to trace;
But in our hearts their memory still remains,
Nor time nor change that impress can efface.

Forget us not, dear friends of by-gone days,
Think kindly of the hearts that think of ye;
Amid life's changing scenes, oh, still revert
To hours, portrayed by faithful memory;
Those happy hours, in social converse spent,
From cold and worldly glances far removed;
Unmarred by selfishness or treachery,
Our friendship blest, kind heaven with smiles approved.

May God be with you in your sojournings,
Our "auld acquaintance," — may his love be still
By day a cloud, o'ershadowing your heads,
A fire by night, protecting from all ill.

Daily for you our fervent prayers ascend,
With many a wish your forms again to view,
To hear the voice, to clasp the friendly hand,
And "auld acquaintance" once again renew.

A DAUGHTER'S TRIBUTE

TO THE MEMORY OF A BELOVED MOTHER.

No choral anthems pealed for thee a dirge ;
No marble monument records thy name,
But little eulogized, thy spotless life
Has now, in Heaven's archives, eternal fame.

Yet oh, blest Spirit, from yon glorious heights,
Filial affection's simple tribute hear,
Afar be flattery's strain, this artless lay,
Asks for thy memory only Friendship's tear.

Not for the vig'rous mind, and skilful hand,
Not for the woman's gentleness and grace,
All these were thine, but more resplendent shone
The modest virtues that adorn the race.

Devoted love, that asks no selfish boon,
Rejoiced to share a dear one's weal or woe,
Still to the sinking spirit whisp'ring hope,
And smilingly doth fortune's gifts forego.

Thine was the trusting confidence that bows
In meek submission and in silent joy ;
In seeming ills, a Father's hand can trace,
And in His service life's best gifts employ.

Small was thy store, yet never vainly came
To thee the suppliants of want and care,
No harsh rebuke they feared, for gentle words
Of sympathy made all thy gifts more dear.

Like some fair flower that, in secluded nook,
Send forth its grateful fragrance on the air,
Untold, thy charity no plaudits asked,
Enough, the widow's blessing and her prayer.

And still, embalmed with many tears, must dwell
The memory of parental tenderness ;
The heart that soothed each grief, the loving glance,
The lips that never opened but to bless.

Those gentle hands shall press no more the brow,
Or smooth the pillow for the throbbing head ;
Dimmed are the eyes, the voice is silent now ;
Oh, can it be, thou dwellest with the dead ?

Not often do we breathe thy much-loved name,
Too sacred is it for a stranger's ear ;
But, in the deep recesses of our hearts
We mourn, with love unceasing and sincere.

Yet, when too bitter grow the pangs of grief,
When the weak frame would gladly sink and die,
Methinks thy Spirit gently doth reprove,
Point to thy bliss, and check each sinful sigh.

Oh, to the mourner's heart, how fraught with joy
Is the firm hope that we again shall meet,
That, where no farewell words are ever breathed,
If faithful, we our mother dear shall greet.

Yet, from yon glorious heights, one moment bend,
Filial affection's simple tribute hear ;
Afar be flattery's strain, this artless lay,
Asks for thy memory naught but Friendship's tear.

THE MEETING OF FRIENDS.

TUNE — "Araby's Daughter."

OH, dear to the soul is that moment of rapture
When friends, the long-parted, again re-unite,
When warm-gushing tears blend with heart-felt caresses,
And words are too poor to express the delight.
Forgotten the hour of sorrowful parting,
Or only remembered to heighten the joy,
Though earth may have seasons of bitterest anguish,
This surely is bliss without any alloy.

With eyes fondly beaming, each speaks of the yearning,
That has burned unextinguished for many a year,
To see the dear face, that with smiles now is lighted,
And tell to that cherished companion each care,
Each joy and each sorrow, that marked that long
absence,

When far, far away from the friend of our heart,
And the fondly-breathed vow that, if once more united,
No power but death from each other should part.

But Death, ah, the monarch, in secret exulteth,
To hear hapless mortals acknowledge his sway,
His power hearts closely united to sever,
And vain is their frenzied appeal for delay;
His presence can chill the warm fount of affection,
And hands that in friendship we clasped become cold;
While voices that greeted our presence with rapture,
Now silent, forget that glad welcome of old.

But a meeting there is, where his presence can never
Disturb, for a moment, the loving and true,
In the "Land of the Blest," with what hallowed
emotion,
Earthly friendship each spirit again shall renew.
Escaped from a world full of sorrow and trial,
Our loving companions, with eagerness, wait
To hail us God's victors, the chosen and ransomed,
And the glories unfold of that heavenly state.

Then raised be the heart, now despondent and drooping,
Complain not of dangers and toils of the way;
But with courage and faith, and love that endureth,
Those trusty companions no longer delay.

To haste on the journey that, sooner or later,
 Shall bring thee, in safety and peace, to abide
In the rest of the weary, the home of the wanderer,
 Where Death has no power true hearts to divide.

THE EMIGRANT.

PALE Emigrant, a busy throng are near thee ;
Yet all unheeding thou the while dost stand,
Child, to its mother prattling, passeth by thee,
And cherished links of many a household band.

Yet I can well divine why so uncaring
For the gay, busy, jostling crowd art thou ;
Visions of native land and home are glancing,
Before thy memory's faithful mirror now.

Far, far away, across the ocean lying,
In placid beauty those green hills of thine ;
Brings not their image to thee saddening feelings,
Saddening, and yet possessing balm benign ?

In that embowered cottage, oft times sighing,
Dwells not the chosen of thy bosom there ?
At morning, noon, and eve, for thee ascendeth
From her pale lips, the meek, yet ardent prayer.

And thy fair boys : the eldest with his lovely
And thoughtful brow, — and eyes that seem to tell
Of deep, deep feelings, in his bosom hidden,
And holy thoughts that yet are treasured well.

Another, manly in each word and bearing,
His every glance doth intellect bespeak ;
And oh ! thy darling, how shall I describe him,
With his dark flashing eye, and rosy cheek.

For well I know their images are near thee,
I know it by thy sad yet hopeless smile,
Yet, homesick stranger, though thy heart seems breaking,
Would that I could thee of thy woes beguile.

Heaven soothe thee in thy grief, for man is heedless,
And cares not for his brother's lonely lot ;
And oh ! remember, though afar divided,
Thou, in thy home, can'st never be forgot.

Cheer up, cheer up, thy heavenly Father careth
For thee, alike where'er thy steps may roam,
He watcheth o'er thy path, that lonely seemeth,
And will, in His good time, restore thee home.

!

THE CHRISTIAN'S REFUGE.

DISTRACTED by unnumbered cares and sorrows,
By wild conflicting feelings sore distressed ;
All earthly hope, all earthly refuge failing,
To Thee, blest Lord, the Christian turns for rest.

As flies the bird, when evening shadows gather,
With weary pinions gladly to its nest ;
So his worn spirit, from the world retreating,
Flies back to Thee, its never failing rest.

Here, and here only, can he comfort gather,
Here, and here only, peace awaits the heart ;
When life's dark shadows, like a pall, surround him,
'Tis Thou alone canst bid their gloom depart.

For Thine is love that neither faints nor falters,
Though earthly friendship may grow cold and change,
There is no hand of treachery can, ever,
Thee from the meanest of Thy flock estrange.

And Thine the ear that never yet was weary,
In listening to the stricken mourner's cry ;
Divine and human tenderness combining,
Pierces Thy loving heart the secret sigh.

Oh, refuge blest, amid a world of sorrows ;
Bright oasis in a weary desert found ;
Oh, rock, that from the noontide heat o'ershadows,
Oh, water-springs, that cheer the thirsty ground.

Here may he rest in peace and conscious safety ;
For sin or sorrow dare not enter here ;
And sweetly in his Father's love confiding,
On Him, with gladness, cast his every care.

Again returns the angel Peace to bless him, —
To lighten with her smiles his gloomy way ;
While Hope, with strength renewed, all fears disdaining,
Cheers his sad heart with many a joyous lay.

THE MAIDEN'S COMPLAINT.

A poor pirl was taken from her home to be the companion and daughter of a rich lady. Surrounded by every luxury, she yet pined in their midst; for while the hearts she loved were in poverty, the blessings of wealth, of which they might not partake, were valueless to her. The following lines were suggested by the above incident, as expressive of her sentiments.

I PINE within these stately halls,
These halls of lofty pride,
To me they are but prison walls,
That from my home divide.

These costly robes yield no delight;
These jewels I despise;
The banquet palls upon my taste,
It fills with tears my eyes.

For ever rising, pale and sad,
My mother's face I see;
My brother's eyes, no longer bright,
Look mournfully on me.

I know that haggard poverty,
And cankering care abide
In that dear home, where, cheerfully,
My wants were once supplied.

I know that scanty is their fare,
Scanty and hardly won ;
The cup of water, crust of bread,
And then the meal is done.

They shrink from winter's icy touch, —
And shivering draw more near
The embers, whose pale, flickering light
Yields little heat or cheer.

Yet deem me not ungrateful, though
Where plenty smiles, I pine ;
It is because the hearts I prize,
Possess no gifts like mine.

Far happier, could I share their griefs,
Not penury I'd fear ;
From morn till eve for them I'd toil, —
And soothe the brow of care.

My lips no murmuring word should breathe, —
But blest their smiles to see ;
Enough, enough, the coarsest fare,
And rustic garb would be.

Then let me go ; I cannot dwell
Within these lofty halls, —
For while I pine for home and friends,
They seem but prison walls.

ON A FAVORITE APARTMENT.

It is a room, a simple room,
The subject of my song ;
And yet for me it has a charm,
That to none else belong.

It boasts no costly furniture,
Adornments rich or rare,
From India's looms, or Persia's store,
No resting place find there.

Nor from its casement can be seen
A single charm, to win
The lover of the beautiful
To linger long within.

Yet, sanctified by cherished friends,
It is a holy place ;
In each familiar object still,
Their images I trace.

I see a form, a gentle form,
In blushing womanhood, —
Her features wear unearthly light ;
Each movement speaks her good.

Flushed is her cheek with hectic bloom,
And in her soft, dark eyes,
The light of intellect doth beam,
Alas, too early wise.

Transplanted from earth's gloomy waste,
To amaranthine bower,
Secure from blight, from chilling blast,
Blooms evermore our flower.

Those deep blue eyes, so full of joy,
Those ringlets' shining gold,
That buoyant step, and graceful form,
Seem of no common mould.

Oh, well I know thee, brother dear,
Though years have passed away,
Since, from our frenzied grasp, death tore
Relentlessly his prey.

And now an aged man appears,
With faltering step and slow ;
But in the path of life he walked,
Nor did the prize forego.

Patient, through years of toil and strife,
At last he gained the goal ;
And Heaven with plaudits loudly rang
To hail his ransomed soul.

The manly form, the generous heart,
That noble actions planned,
Have passed, as passes fancy's dreams,
Touched by stern reason's wand.

Diminished is the circle now,
That met around the hearth,
Nor do these walls re-echo with
Their unreprieved mirth.

Yet wonder not that still this room
Is dear unto my heart,
For of the loved and lovely ones
It seems to form a part.

For hallowed is the spot where once
A treasured friend has been ;
More dear unto Affection's eye,
Than art or nature's scene.

THE GIFT,

FOR MY COUSIN'S INFANT DAUGHTER.

OH, were I a fairy, dear Cousin, to-day,
And had but the power to command
A blessing to rest on the child of thy love,
By a touch of my magical wand;
I wonder what gift would a fond parent crave,
For the infant, whose presence, I know,
Brings joy to the dwelling, and bids each glad heart
With grateful emotions o'erflow.

The worldling would tell me of beauty, or grace,
Or wealth; oh, how glorious the dower, —
For loveliness bows every heart to its sway,
And gold has a magical power.
Another might whisper that genius would be,
A gift far more rare to bestow,
And one which would surely confer upon her,
The happiness sought for below.

But sorrow, and sickness, and age, have strange power
Youth's roses to steal from the face, —
To quench the bright lustre that gleams in the eye,
And to rob the slight form of its grace ;
And riches may prove but a treacherous snare,
Or else may take wings and depart, —
While genius, the rarest, though crowned with bright
bays,
Is no stranger to anguish of heart.

Ah me, I would shrink, if the power were mine,
On thy darling such gifts to confer ;
But something more worthy, and durable far,
I would gladly bestow upon her.
It is not a pearl from the deep sparkling wave,
It is not a gem from the mine, —
To procure it, earth's riches were utterly vain,
For its value no tongue can define.

And yet it is wealth, that will never depart ;
It is beauty, that never will fade ;
It is mind, holding commune with loftiest themes ;
It is sunshine, unmingled with shade.

To earthly enjoyments it yieldeth a zest,
And a charm that none else can bestow ;
And in sorrow, by extracting its sting,
It gives peace, though surrounded by woe.

It is love that will never grow weary or cold ;
It is friendship in good or in ill ;
The nearest, the dearest, may leave us to mourn,
This will linger unchangeable still.
No matter how thorny the path we may tread,
It will prove an infallible guide ;
And though distance may sever from country and home,
It will faithful and constant abide.

To youth, lovely youth, it imparteth new charms,
And a glory bestows upon age ;
It succors, defends, and protects those through life,
Who young in its service engage ;
And when to the vision earth's glories are dim,
When ended its conflicts and woes, —
The freed spirit conducted by it shall escape
To the land of eternal repose.

Dost thou ask what this blessing so wondrous can be?

It is Wisdom, of heavenly birth,

Whose kind invitations, too often, are scorned,

By the foolish and erring of earth.

And though *I* have no power such boon to confer,

To thy child is the blest promise given ;

“The little ones suffer to come unto me,

For of such is the kingdom of Heaven.”

VALEDICTORY ADDRESS TO SUMMER.

ONCE more, sweet Summer, once, before we part,
Let us renew those golden, balmy hours,
We spent together in the forests old ;
Or in the shadow of the greenwood bowers.

Come, let us stray beside the glassy stream,
Fit home for water-lily, fair and pure ;
And listen to the warbling choir, whose songs
Might well from sadness saddest hearts allure.

Say, shall we gather the wild woodland flowers ;
Or weave a garland from the garden's pride ?
The snowy blossoms of the myrtle twine,
With blushing roses springing by its side ?

Or, shall we gaze upon the sunset hues, —
Or the mild radiance of the evening sky,
When, thro' the trees, the moon's soft, silv'ry beams,
Steal like the glances of an angel's eye.

Ah, wherefore linger, Summer, for my feet
Impatient are familiar paths to tread ;
To mark thy bounteous hand dispensing gifts,
As when, from thee, the frowning Winter fled !

I pause : an awful silence rests around,
Silence that seems of coming ills to tell ;
But hark, methinks September breezes bear,
In faintest accents, Summer's last farewell.

Yet oh, one moment, Summer, stay, to hear
The simple tribute of a grateful heart ;
For saddest thoughts thy presence sweet beguiled,
For joyous moments that with thee depart.

Nay, I forbear. Speed onward in thy flight,
Not unto thee are my best praises due :
But unto Him whose "goodness crowns the year,"
And doth thy brief, but sunny reign renew.

Therefore, to Him, my thanks I offer up,
For all the gifts His gracious hand hath given ;
And for the prospect bright, His love affords
Of a perpetual Summer, spent in Heaven.

TO A MOURNER IN A CHURCHYARD.

“They live, they greatly live, a life on earth
Unkindled, unconceived, — and from an eye
Of tenderness, let pity fall
On us, more justly numbered with the dead.”

YOUNG.

Nor here, not here ;
Oh pale young mourner, bending o'er the dead,
Bathing with bitter tears each lowly bed.
Not here, not here ;
Those whom thy fond arms vainly strove to save,
O'er whose fair forms soon closed the insatiate grave,
They dwell not here :
What though deserted seems thy fireside now ;
Though dust be written on each sunny brow ;
Though quenched the eye, in whose soft living fire,
Thy heart could read each fervent, fond desire ;
Mortality is stamped on things of earth,
Yet lives there all that gave that mortal worth ;
The grave conceals the casket, but the rare,
The priceless jewel, is not buried there.

The active spirit mocks at time's decay ;
It spurns its fragile tenement of clay :
Awhile, like 'prisoned bird, it sweetly sings,
Then plumes for flight its heaven-inspired wings ;
Snapt are the bars, and lo, in glorious light,
The captive freed, soon soars from longing sight !

And yet, it may be, hovering still around,
The spirits of the loved with thee are found ;
May they not, gliding on the midnight air,
To thy sad couch some words of comfort bear ;
From happy dreams say, dost thou never start,
To clasp some image to thy bleeding heart ;
Then chide the morning light that brake the spell,
And banished forms thy spirit prized too well ?

Yes, yes, believe it, though thine eyes of clay
May not behold, they hover round thy way ;
They haunt the bowers their memory dearer made,
The sunny paths, the pleasant forest shade ;
With stronger love and holier than thine,
They all the spirit's finer powers combine ;
Watching to shield from harm the loved one's form,
And nearer press when loudest howls the storm ;
Then oh, no more, within the churchyard's gloom,
Bathe thou, with bitter tears, each lowly tomb ;

But, with fresh courage, earthly toils renew,
Gird for the conflict, glorious goal in view ;
And soon the spirit shall assert its sway,
And darkness end where dawns eternal day.

EVENING SERVICES.

I LOVE the twilight hour, that calls
My footsteps to the House of Prayer :
I love the sacred awe that steals
Upon my spirit, bowed down there.

When hushed the busy hum of life,
And silence, brooding like a dove,
All earthly passions lulls to rest,
And lifts the heart to things above.

What though the busy day hath brought
The bitter pangs of hope deferred ;
What though the vain concerns of earth,
The spirit's inmost founts have stirred ?

Its hopes and fears, its joys and griefs,
Are all forgotten, as I tread
That place of blest Sabbatic peace,
Beside the mansions of the dead.

Upon their graves the sun's last rays
A golden flood of glory shed,
While softly sighs the evening breeze,
Rustling the grass that waves o'erhead.

And through the open casement floats
The solemn notes of praise and prayer ;
Ah, all unheeded are those strains,
By those who sweetly slumber there.

Yet, who can say, their spirits blest,
Unseen, may not be hov'ring near ?
May in the song of praise unite,
And, bending, list the voice of prayer ?

For memories of the "loved and lost,"
Come then, with strangely thrilling power ;
Their holy lives of faith and prayer,
Their triumph in the final hour.

Earth fades away ; its din and strife,
Its mad ambition, come not here ;
They love the noisy walks of life, —
And shun the quiet House of Prayer.

But here the secret grief is found,
That solace seeks from Heav'n alone ;
The burden of the tender heart
Is, to our pitying Father, known.

Nor all its own, for others weal
The lifted hand, the tearful eye ;
The absent, or, the erring, claim
The fervent prayer, the pitying sigh.

Here the faint soul renews its strength,
The weary spirit finds repose ;
The tempted, courage to withstand,
And power to meet its wily foes.

And, from this hallowed place, the soul
Refreshed, as with a victor's might,
Strong in the strength of grace, alone,
Goes forth to combat for the right.

Nor shall the bloodless warfare cease,
Till Death the victory attest ;
Till, sweetly from its toils released,
The Christian finds a blissful rest.

Oh, House of Prayer, while others love
To haunt the gay and festive hall ;
For me, I'll turn aside, and seek
Sweet solace, here, at evening's fall.

THE DEAF MAN'S LAMENT.

SUGGESTED BY THE EXCLAMATION, "I CANNOT HEAR."

I MOVE amid those busy streets,
Teeming with life and varied sound,
Yet not the dwellings of the dead
To me bear stillness more profound ;
No voice, no tone, salutes mine ear,
Alas for me, I cannot hear !

I enter halls, where Eloquence,
In breathless stillness chains the throng,
And oft each flashing eye reveals
What powerful thoughts are borne along ;
But Eloquence may never cheer
My longing heart, — I cannot hear.

When shadows of the evening fall,
I sit beside the quiet hearth ;
Yet though I know the loved are near,
To me how vain their tones of mirth ;
Affection's language, fond and dear,
Oh, could I for a moment hear !

The zephyr hath no voice for me,
The howling storm may wildly rave —
I heed it not — and on the sea
I calmly mark each giant wave;
No terror unto me they bear,
Their solemn sounds I may not hear.

Yet to my Father's will I bow,
Adoringly His hand I see,
Who not amid the tempest speaks,
But in the "still, small voice" to me.
My throbbing heart, my inward ear,
Those gracious tones rejoice to hear.

And oh, I trust, when life has fled,
To join the happy choir above,
Who still in hymns unceasing sing
The praises of Almighty love;
Each sound shall thrill my wakened ear,
For oh, in Heaven, I too shall hear.

TO AN ABSENT FRIEND.

A CALM sweet summer's eve it was, that eve when first
we met,

And fondly cherished in my heart, lingers its memory
yet ;

Like some sweet, touching melody, that tells of days
gone by,

And wakens, by its mystic spell, sad recollection's sigh.

Oh ! many months have passed since then, and Summer's
reign is o'er,

The woodland and the shady grove, her presence cheers
no more ;

Silent the merry stream that ran with tripping steps
along,

For Winter's frowns and furious voice have banished
nature's song.

And thou, beyond the deep, blue sea, again within thy
home,

Hast found the peace too oft denied to those who idly
roam,

And while the chilling north wind sweeps, with fitful
wail along,
Seated beside thy cheerful hearth, doth list to Jessie's
song.

For, me, as twilight steals apace, and deeper shadows
fall,
Alike upon the gloomy street, and on the papered wall,
With absent gaze I watch the light, the ruddy embers
cast,
For Fancy, truant, loves to dwell upon the pleasing past.

"The memory of sweet summer eves," she brings again
to me,
Of balmy skies, and fragrant flowers, and woodland
melody;
And, for the tempest's voice, I hear the zephyr's gentle
sigh,
As, laden with unnumbered sweets, it passeth swiftly by.

Nor yet, forgotten, are the friends, who shared those
hours with me,
For, without Friendship's cheering light, how dreary
earth would be;

For kindly words have magic power, to dwell within
the heart,

And as they come forth, one by one, what warm emo-
tions start.

I think of tones I may not hear, of forms I may not see,
And fill the silent, vacant room with their blest com-
pany ;

Mirth that can blend with sober thought, and warm
affection's smile,

And sacred song, and converse sweet, the lingering
hours beguile.

But ah ! such moments quickly pass ; like all earth's
charms they fly,

Each has gone forth to struggle with life's cold reality ;
Stern duty heeds not Friendship's tears, but points to
rugged height,

Where few and far the sunny spots that cheer the
traveller's sight.

But oh ! though life has divers paths, though wide apart
we roam,

It matters little, if at last, we reach our Father's home ;

There shall our wandering feet be stayed, and in those
 bowers of rest,
No thought of parting shall disturb the meeting of the
 Blest.

ON VISITING THE CEMETERY AT EARLY MORN.

WHY wake ye not, beloved ones,
The morn is dawning calm and clear ;
And sweetly, on the balmy air,
Is wafted song of birds.

Why haste ye not, with buoyant feet,
Gladly the Spring's return to greet ?

What, loitering still, while o'er your beds,
Your narrow beds, the sunbeams play ?
Will ye not wake, and with me stray
Through pleasant haunts of old ?
Where Mayflowers all their charms disclose,
And vie, in perfume, with the rose.

Come, for the blushing May is here,
I marked her tripping o'er the glade,
And Earth, in mantle green arrayed,
Smiled on her as she passed ;
While, stealing through each quiet nook,
Its welcome murmured, low, the brook.

Alas, ye heed me not ; to you
 In vain the balmy breath of morn,
 In vain the charms the Spring adorn;
 They may not rouse ye more ;
 Through quiet dell, and shady grove,
 Ye never more with me may rove.

And thou, dear, gentle child of song,
 On whom the Muses fondly smiled,
 Whose sweet and artless notes beguiled
 Full many a weary heart ;
 "Returning Spring" * awaits thy lay,
 But silent is thy harp to-day.

And yet, methinks, had I the power,
 As standing by your graves, I weep,
 To bid ye shake off death's dull sleep,
 And wake to light and life,
 I dare not summon you again
 Life's ills and burden to sustain.

Yours is the Christian's hallowed rest,
 And angels watch the unconscious clay,

* Alluding to a poem, entitled "Returning Spring," by Sarah Herbert.

But, not for ever, shall ye stay
In the cold, silent tomb ;
Your Lord, himself, shall bid you rise,
And join your spirits in the skies.

THE ESTRANGED.

WE met as strangers ; we, who once,
Had distance severed but one day,
Had sprung with joy to greet,
And fondly chid the long delay ;
Now, measured were our steps and slow,
And frigid was each outstretched hand ;
While icy words were all that spoke,
A welcome to our native land.

We coldly listened to the voice,
Our heart once wildly leapt to hear ;
And, with a stoic's calmness, gazed
On features memory counted dear ;
And little thought the gay who viewed
Our meeting, we had ever been
Friends, bosom-friends, ere traitor tongues,
And pride and absence came between.

With them we talked of worldly things ;
And smiling, dwelt on days gone past : —

“ Ah, ours were childish hopes,” we said,
“ Which foolishly we thought might last.
But we had wiser grown since then ; ”
And while our hearts our lips belied,
Repressed each word of tenderness,
And called upon our prompter, pride.

And then we parted as we met,
With unmoved tones and placid smile ;
But oh, the phantoms of the past,
Reproached us, bitterly, the while :
Those hours of youth together spent ;
Our daily converse, heart with heart ;
The walks, the flowers, the sports we loved,
In vivid color seemed to start ;
And, at each image, sorely wrung,
Our anguished souls would fain have cried,
“ Forgotten be each fancied wrong,
Let naught but death our hearts divide.”

Oh, had we thus all pride subdued,
How blooming now affection's flowers ;
While withered hopes and vain regrets
Would cast no gloom on future hours.

Alas, remorse is all too late.

Yet, severed by the ocean, we
In solitude and silence mourn,

That Friendship's joys should blighted be.

STANZAS.

“Speak, Lord, for thy servant heareth.”

SPEAK, gracious Lord, for my sad heart
Refuses every voice but thine ;
Descend, and heavenly balm impart,
Oh, Comforter divine !

This solemn night, those glittering stars,
Tell of Thy majesty and power ;
But something more I ask, I crave,
At this deep midnight hour.

I ask a token of Thy love, —
The “still, small voice” I wait to hear,
Oh, speak, — and hope and joy shall spring,
My fainting heart to cheer.

Emblem of death, its sombre peace,
This gloom, this silence, seems to me ;
How shrink life’s vanities before
Awful eternity !

While from the "better land" methinks,
Sweet, earnest voices call me,
Solemn their tones, yet full of love,
They breathe alone of Thee.

And countless memories of the past,
Strengthen my faith and nerve my heart;
The mercy Thou to them hast shown,
Shall ne'er from me depart.

Therefore, confiding in Thy love,
In sleep, my weary eyes I close,
Lulled by the gentle voice of peace,
Into a deep repose.

TO THE MEMORY OF A YOUNG LADY.

GONE, in the bloom of youth,
Its beauty mantling on thy cheek and brow ;
The roseate tint, that decked that fair young face,
Is all departed now.

Gone, from the household band,
Friendship's endearments, and Love's fond embrace ;
But, ah ! from stricken hearts, nor time, nor change,
Thy memory shall erase. .

For they shall yearn for thee,
When vacant is thy seat at board and hearth ;
And tears will fall, — and sighs of agony
Suppress the tones of mirth.

And, in the twilight hour,
When dreamy thought delights the past to trace,
It shall restore thine image as of yore,
Replete with youthful grace.

Ah! Summer shall return ;
The forests with the voice of music ring ;
In field, in garden, and in woodland wild,
Shall flowers, the fairest, spring.

But Summer's sylvan haunts,
Shall never more be visited by thee ;
Chained is thy step, — and hushed the ringing laugh,
That filled its woods with glee.

Oh! life to thee was fair,
For Hope the future tinged with radiant light,
While all unknown the cares of riper years,
Or Disappointment's blight.

And hard it seemed to die,
When Earth's enchantments glittered in thy view ;
The golden links of love to burst aside,
And bid to all adieu.

But oh, when we recall
What bitter griefs maturer age must know ;
How much of woe must mingle with life's cup,
We gladly let thee go.

So early called from earth,
Immortal bliss we fondly trust to share ;
We may not, dare not, hopeless, mourn for thee,
But check the rising tear.

And while, above thy grave,
Affection breathes in mournful tones, farewell ;
In brighter scenes we hope once more to meet,
And with thee ever dwell.

THE MARRIAGE VOW.

“ Until death do us part ”

Not only for youth's prime,
Or its bright summer time,
 Our vows we plight ;
But for those riper years,
When life grave aspect wears,
 Love shall yield light.

Not for the blooming cheek,
Or the bright eyes that speak,
 Thoughts fond and dear ;
But when the glow has fled,
And sparkling glances dead,
 Love still shall cheer.

Not when, with buoyant health,
Thrills the glad heart, — or wealth
 Pours in its store ;
But if sharp pain should wear,
And penury bring care,
 Love we the more.

And thus, together led
By kind Heaven, we'll tread
 Life's thorny way ;
And when Death, drawing near,
Bids farewells wring the tear, —
 Yet, not for aye,

Shall the sad parting be,
Oh, not eternally,
 Hearts are riven ;
For faith, in accents sweet,
Tells we again shall meet,
 Meet in Heaven.

WINTER.

"Freely ye have received, freely give."

PLEASANT the gathering round the social hearth,
Pleasant the sweet communing, heart with heart,
Pleasant the books, that happiest thoughts inspire,
Pleasant the blest appliances of art ;
The carpet, soft, where aching feet repose,
The arm-chair, soothing to the wearied frame,
The damask curtains, whose rich, ample folds
Screen from keen night air, and kind mention claim.

And now the fire sends forth a brighter blaze,
And still the merry circle draws more near,
While the north wind, impetuous, hurries past,
As if to o'ertake the fleeting year.
Without, no star peeps through the leaden sky,
The frosty ground re-echoes back the tread,
Quick, eager, of some lonely passer-by,
Who hastes to screen, from biting blast, his head.

Within, the walls reflect the cheerful light,
And the bright flame reveals each happy face ;
Youth's sparkling eye, and glowing cheek is there,
And manhood's strength contrasts with woman's grace.
And now, harmoniously, sweet voices blend,
And well-timed mirth the evening hours prolong,
Knowledge and virtue, hand in hand, are seen,
Nor absent is the jest or simple song.

Hark, for a voice repeats the Poet's lay,
And oh, methinks, were but that Poet here,
With rapture would he list each thrilling strain,
Breathed forth in woman's accents, soft and clear.
And now another swells the holy hymn,
Or carols sweetly some dear, ancient rhyme,
And eyes are glistening with unbidden tears,
And thoughts spring back to greet the olden time.

Some sweet "Forget me not," she warbles low,
And buried loved ones seem by us to stand ;
Some "Auld lang syne," and absent friends appear,
And warmly clasp each eager, outstretched hand.
Thus, all too quickly wears the night away,
And now ascends the voice of praise and prayer

Then, to calm slumbers, innocent and deep,
With grateful hearts the happy group repair.

Oh, would that ever in this favored land,
Each home were thus with peace and plenty blest,
That beggared famine, stalking through our earth,
Could here obtain no spot on which to rest.
But ah, the huts of poverty are near,
Beside the stately dwelling oft they stand,
And claim from Sympathy a pitying tear,
And ask from Charity a liberal hand.

God help the poor ! My eyes with tears are dim ;
I see a woman's meagre, shrunken form,
Half-clad, and crouching from the bitter blast,
What wonder that she dreads the gathering storm ?
Where is her home ? Within those dreary walls,
Through whose broad chinks the wild winds madly
play,
Howl to each other through the gloomy night,
While drifting snows their mandates fierce obey.

Look at yon group that by the embers kneel,
Striving with purple lips to fan the flame,

Unheard from them is childhood's ringing laugh,
Alas, they children are, alone in name.
On their young brows are hues of suffering traced,
Such as the brow of age should never wear ;
Their pallid cheeks, and sunken eyes, disclose
Sad tales of ceaseless penury and care.

No young foot dances o'er the cold, damp floor,
For the light step a lighter heart reveals ;
No merry voice makes glad the evening hour,
But, to their cheerless rest, each, shivering, steals.
There, restless, tossing on their pallets hard,
From broken slumbers oft they sadly start ;
And scarcely could the biting frost without,
More icy chillness to their limbs impart.

The dreary night, how long, how long, they cry,
While from their trembling lips ascends a prayer ;
Oh, can it be that Mercy passes by,
Nor stops that voice of misery to hear !
Think not, ye gay, by fancy drawn the scene,
Nor coldly from the simple picture turn ;
But oh, go forth among the sons of want,
And let your hearts with sacred pity burn.

Ah, freely give, as God hath given to you,

And He, who views alike the rich and poor,

.Our gracious Father shall with smiles behold,

And with rich blessings shall increase your store.

For ye are doubly blest, whom He permits

The blissful office with himself to share ;

To wipe the falling tears from pallid cheeks,

“ And gently smooth the ruffled brow of care.

ON SEEING THE CORPSE OF AN AGED MANIAC.

OH, who could mourn for thee, so calmly sleeping, —
Who weep to think thy pilgrimage was o'er ?
For, from thy soul, long since was banished reason,
And time and change could ne'er its reign restore.

And years have vanished by thee, all unheeding,
They woke no sigh in thy unechoing heart ;
Youth, beauty, friendship, all that earth deems precious,
Thou could'st behold, without a pang, depart.

For strange have been the changes since sad darkness,
A midnight darkness settled o'er thy mind ;
The loved and lovely from thy side have vanished,
The household links that once to earth could bind.

The young companions of those happy hours,
Ere from thy spirit hope and reason fled, —
A few still linger like thee, but more careworn,
The many rest beside the quiet dead.

And though, to us, the lot how bitter seemeth,
That caused thee, from thy youth, life's paths to tread,
With placid brow, and step that faltered never,
Though joy forever from thy path had fled.

Was it no blessing to be spared the anguish,
That many of earth's weary pilgrims know?
The cankering care that racks the tortured spirit,
The thousand bitter forms of human woe?

One only grief was thine, one bitter wailing
For him, whose requiem was the billow's roar;
And then, from thy true heart, all crushed and bleeding,
Reason departed, — to return no more.

No more! no more! Ah, yes, may we believe not,
That now thy spirit hails a purer ray;
No longer by the mists of earth enshrouded,
The darkness from thy soul hath passed away.

On thee, we trust, Heaven's sunshine now is dawning,
And thou the loved one of thy youth hath met,
Where no sad parting shall disturb thy spirit,
Nor light of reason on thy soul shall set.

THE WIFE.

MY heart keeps time to but one voice,
I hear its music now ;
I see the form of manly grace,
The frank and noble brow ;
Within the garden, lo, he stands,
To gather for my hair,
The opening blossoms of the rose,
That scent the balmy air.

A warm and generous soul is his,
A gifted, ardent mind ;
A heart to plan, — a skilful hand,
And feelings, how refined ;
His words of gentlest sympathy,
The mourner loves to hear ;
For smiling Charity attends,
The friendless poor to cheer.

My foolish eyes with tears are filled,
Earth seems too full of bliss ;

I sometimes wonder Heaven can know,
More happiness than this ;
Be checked vain thoughts, a Father's hand,
Those precious gifts bestow ;
And He, alone, can make the cup
Of life, with love o'erflow.

Mine is, indeed, a pleasant home,
With many comforts crowned :
A cottage, shaded from the road,
On gently sloping ground ;
Before it smiles, in summer bloom,
My fondly cherished flowers,
That claim my watchful, guardian care,
At early morning hours.

And, near at hand, a sheltered lake
Sends forth its murmurs low,
How oftēn, mingling with my dreams,
I hear its small waves flow ;
While, through an opening in the woods,
I catch a transient sight
Of towering masts, and snowy sails,
That glisten in the light.

Oh well I know, within each bark,
Are forms to *some* how dear ;
For whom is heaved the longing sigh,
And breathed the ardent prayer ;
Alas, how many anxious looks
Will scan the distant main,
In search of those, whose presence ne'er
May gladden home again.

Some mother's eyes, perhaps, grow dim,
In watching for her son ;
Some sister wakes, from happy dreams,
To miss the absent one.
And oh, not blest like me, perchance,
Some fond and faithful wife,
In cruel fancy, views the wreck,
Amid the ocean's strife.

They *near* me dwell, the friends I prize,
A few, but kindly band,
I joy to meet their smiling looks,
And clasp each loving hand ;
And often, when the storm without,
Makes all within more bright,

We gather round the social fire,
And bless its ruddy light.

In converse, innocent and gay,
The happy hours pass on ;
Oft varied by the Poet's lay,
Or sweetly soothing song :
And sometimes with the wise we hold
Communion, deep and true ;
Or, breathless, hear the traveller's tale,
And feel his fears anew.

Yet, oh, we would not place our hopes
Too much on things of earth ;
They bear Mortality's broad stamp,
And fleeting is their worth ;
But even the damp, cold dews of death,
Shall quench not friendship's flame,
Amid the joys of Heaven, we trust,
Each kindred heart to claim.

TO THE MEMORY OF MRS. A. W. McL.

As a familiar star, that, for awhile,
 Blesses the Exile's longing, tearful eyes, —
Who, journeying far away, rejoicing greets
 Some bright memento of his native skies :
So thou, dear friend, wert lent, life's paths to cheer,
Dwelling on earth, — yet of a purer sphere.

Dwelling among us ; yet so gently good,
 With brow, on which heaven's sunshine seemed to rest,
With voice of music, whose low, winning words,
 Were ever breathed to counsel and to bless :
An angel tarrying in a form of clay —
Spirits, like thine, how soon they pass away !

Yes, we beheld thy fragile, wasting form,
 Disease wore on with stealthy step and slow ;
Yet oh, fond hearts with feverish hope still beat,
 How could they yield thee up, who loved thee so ?
Though hope, like lamp amid the midnight's gloom,
But served to light thy passage to the tomb.

Vainly fond arms around thy form were clasped,
Vainly arose to Heaven the pleading prayer ;
They might not stay thy flight, too long exiled,
Thy spirit longed the joys of home to share ;
Yet lingered for awhile, for dearest ties
Delayed its passage to its native skies.

For yearned thy soul, as prattling voices fell,
How tenderly upon a mother's ear ;
And oh, for him whose heart Love bound to thine,
How often gushed the agonizing tear ;
Thy parents' smile, thy sisters' fond caress ;
Strong were those links of earthly happiness !

These, for a moment, chained thy spirit's flight,
But oh, not longer might they keep thee here ;
Hope, in the distance, saw her native home,
And bright-eyed Faith was ever hovering near, —
Unfolding to thy view a brighter land,
Where thou shalt greet, ere long, the household band.

Life passed so gently, they who sadly watched,
Could scarcely deem that it, indeed, was death ;

But ah, our eyes of clay might not behold,
 Angelic bands receive thy parting breath;
Dark was the valley to the mourners' sight,
To thee, effulgent, with celestial light.

Thou, like thy risen Lord, hast soared away, —
 And we, while gazing on thine upward track,
By faith beheld thee enter Paradise,
 Its gates are closed, we may not wish thee back;
Then hail, lov'd Spirit, numbered with the Blest,
We joy that thou hast entered into rest!

THE SABBATH.

Rest for the toil-worn hands, the Sabbath day
Appears, to banish gloomy labor's sway ;
To bid the world, awhile, from tumult cease,
And noisy strife subdue in gentle peace.

Rest for the troubled mind, harassed with care,
For six days tortured almost to despair ;
Let high-born thoughts again resume their power,
And bless the calm that waits the Sabbath hour.

Rest for the weary heart, by sorrow bowed,
That, struggling with temptation's eager crowd,
Though conqueror in the fight, now, longing, faint,
Hastes to God's temple, there to pour its plaint.

Chase, hallowed day, with thy all-cheering light,
The glittering phantoms that still mock the sight,
Afar be banished earthly hope and fear,
And drooping souls let thy blest presence cheer.

For oh, thou emblem of eternal rest,
Thou type of all the Christian holds most blest !
A scene of ceaseless toil this world would be,
Of deep, dense gloom, if not made glad by thee.

THE RAINBOW.

"At even-time it shall be light."

It shall be light; nay, doubt it not,
Behold the clouds disperse and fly,
And, mingling with the sunset hues,
A gorgeous rainbow spans the sky.

The howling winds this morning swept
O'er fading field, through city street;
And, copiously, the autumn-showers
Upon the stony pavement beat.

But now the winds have died away,
And holy calmness seems to reign,
Alike, within the noisy mart,
And on the green and sloping plain.

And scarcely shall the rainbow tints
Have faded from the glowing sky,
Than, one by one, will stars peep out,
And the bright moon "sail gaily by."

Omen of happier days, I hail,
Sweet Nature, thy reviving smile,
Which bids the downcast heart look up,
And well might sorrow's self beguile !

To earthward bowed, with folded wings,
Hope, drooping, all day long hath been ;
Faith, faltering in the rugged path,
And courage with dejected mien.

Life's horizon, o'erspread with clouds,
Dreary and endless seemed to sweep ;
While, guardian of the toilsome way,
Did care unceasing vigils keep.

But now my fainting strength revives,
For Nature whispers, sweet, to me,
“ Not always shall the darkness last,
Nor thorny path shall endless be.

“ But, as succeeds to gloomy morn,
A glowing eve, a sunset bright,
Life will again be glad to thee,
At even-time it shall be light.”

THE PARTING OF MARY* OF MODENA WITH
HER BROTHER.

BROTHER, I go; my lot is cast
 Beneath a sterner sky;
The sunny plains of Italy
 No more shall charm my eye;
I leave thee, brother, best-beloved,
 Companion of my heart;
Oh, words are powerless to convey
 My grief, with thee to part.

How has our happy childhood sped,
 Like some bright dream away;
It seems but yesterday we roamed,
 Amid those flowers at play;
It seems but yesterday we chased
 The gorgeous butterfly,
Or stood, with parted lips, to mark
 The glowing sunset sky.

* Wife of James the Second, King of England.



Oh, were I but a peasant girl,
I need not thus depart ;
A diadem upon my brow,
And anguish in my heart :
From home and friends for ever torn,
A stranger's bride to be ;
What wonder that these royal robes
Are mockery to me !

It may be, *he* is good and kind ;
But once I marked his face,
As by the artist's hand portrayed,
Bereft of youthful grace ;
The lofty brow was marked with care,
The eye had lost its fire :
Those lineaments, so cold and stern,
Could naught but fear inspire.

But what avail my sighs and tears ?
They tell me, I should be
Enchanted at the lofty fate,
That yields a crown to me :
The happiest lady in the land,
They name me with a smile ;

But never heeding, that my heart
Is breaking all the while.

A *Queen* ? I'd rather be to-day
The lowliest in the land,
And earn my bread, with servile toil,
Than England's crown command.
The poorest peasant girl is free,
But mine are glittering chains ;
For courtly pomp and pageantry,
My soul with scorn disdains.

Forgive me, brother, for these words,
So passionate and weak ;
Forgive me, for these gushing tears,
That anguish sore bespeak :
Think of me still at matin chime,
Or the sweet vesper hour ;
Or when, in solitude, you tread
Our loved Italian bower.

Dear classic shores, a long adieu,
Land of my father's pride !
Ah, better far, than thus depart,
Had I in childhood died ;

For never more my feet shall tread
Each loved, familiar spot ;
Yet, think not, 'midst the pomp of courts,
My home shall be forgot.

And then, my childhood's dearest friend,
How shall I miss thy smile,
Thy voice, whose winning music once
Could all my griefs beguile ;
One last embrace, one fond adieu ;
My prayer shall wafted be
To Him, who marks the sparrow's fall,
That He may comfort thee.

ON THE DEATH OF A RELATIVE'S ONLY CHILD.

WITH the earliest flowers of Spring she came,
To gladden your quiet hearth ;
And like them, her presence seemed to fling
A charm o'er the sombre earth.

For never were summer skies more bright,
Than her tearless orbs of blue ;
Her cheeks outrivalled the rose's flush,
And her lips the coral's hue.

And oh, unto fond parental ears,
No sweeter music came ;
Than when, in accents of tenderness,
She gently lisped each name.

With what jealous care ye daily marked,
Your flower more brightly bloom ;
Nor dreamed that the spoiler, Death, was near,
That prepared was her early tomb.

For with radiant hues was the future decked ;
And in fancy ye loved to view
Your darling, when years but increased each grace,
And fresh charms on your pathway threw.

Alas, that the hopes of the heart, so entwined,
Should be rudely snapt away ;
That the idol of many, the loved of all,
On earth might no longer stay.

With the earliest flowers of Spring she came,
And blossomed but one short year ;
Ere the Autumn breezes, sighing, breathed
Their requiem over her bier.

Too fragile the winter of life to endure,
With the summer's glory she past ;
Like a vision of beauty, she gladden'd our sight,
Then vanished, too lovely to last.

But oh, ye weeping and stricken ones,
Mourn not for your faded flower ;
Too fair for earth, it bloometh now
In an amaranthine bower.

From the chilling blasts of time secure,
From the tempests of sorrow and care,
The blossom now opens to clearer light,
And inhales a balmier air.

“Gone, but not lost,” is your cherub child;
For she bendeth with looks of love,
From her mansions bright, your steps to greet,
To a happier home above.

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CHRISTMAS ODE.

"Glory to God in the highest, — and on earth, peace, good will toward men."

Look up, O Earth, and celebrate with joy,
That hallowed morn that once, on Shinar's plains,
Greeted the Shepherds, who in spirit rapt,
Breathless and silent, heard celestial strains.

Not heralded by kingly pomp He came,
He in whose sight the jewelled crown is dim;
Nor flaming messenger, in thunder loud,
Bade nations tremble as they welcomed Him.

But in the calm and silent midnight air,
Heaven's chosen minstrelsy poured forth the song,
"Glory to God, peace and good will toward men,"
Ye hills and valleys still those notes prolong.

Guilt hid its face; envy and hatred shrank
From the bright heralds of the Prince of Peace;
While trembling hearts, too long by sin enthralled,
Blest the glad words that told their swift release.

Nor hushed that song to-day, tho' from Heaven's courts

No more the white-robed messengers appear ;

But though unseen, are ye not hovering round,

Bright spirits sent our drooping hearts to cheer ?

Lingers not Love, a heavenly sojourner,

For ever pointing to its blissful Home ;

And Faith and Hope the Pilgrim's footsteps check,

When in sin's flowery paths he fain would roam ?

These echo back the sweet, harmonious song ;

And many voices catch the joyful strain, —

The dwellers in the city's crowded haunts,

And those who stray in Nature's wide domain.

And shall our lips be silent ? we, for whom

The Lord of Glory stooped to guilty earth ?

While Heaven's glad arches ring, shall we refuse

To celebrate the great Immanuel's birth ?

No, blest Redeemer, on this hallowed morn,

Touch Thou our hearts with coals of living fire ;

So shall our lips delight to sing Thy praise,

Thy love, our every thought and act inspire.

No longer, swept by every passing breeze,
Our harps in plaintive melodies shall sound ;
But, tuned by joy, shall wake their liveliest chords,
And notes of gladness blend with awe profound.

Oh, let our lips assay the song of praise,
While slowly travelling through the vale of tears ;
So we, at last, shall join the nobler choir,
And swell the anthem through eternal years.

ELEGIAC STANZAS,

ON THE DEATH OF W. S. B.

AND art thou *gone*, — thou whom we late beheld,
In all the freshness of thine early years;
Thy open, sunny brow, unmarked by care,
And thy clear eyes undimmed by gath'ring tears;
Gone! could not Death, the stroke awhile delay,
Nor summon the beloved so soon away!

Ah, little thought thy parents, when they bade,
In falt'ring tones, their darling son adieu;
Sisters and brothers dreamt not, as they gazed
Upon the bark that bore thee from their view;
The last farewell was said, — that never more
Thy bounding steps should press thy native shore.

Who, who can paint the bitter pang that wrung
Thy manly heart, when, struggling all in vain,
To reach thy home, the sad conviction dawned,
For thee its portals ne'er should ope again;
How hard it seemed, beneath a stranger sky,
Far from the household band, to droop and die!

Weeps now thy mother, for her son is not ;
Laments a father for his much-loved child ;
The playmates of thy boyhood shall recall
Thy generous deeds, thy accents ever mild ;
And while in memory come they back to view,
The fount of grief, unchecked, bursts forth anew.

They mourn, yet wherefore ? Blessed is thy lot,
So early taken from a world of care ;
Not thine to watch beside the dying couch,
Where lie the friends thy soul hath held most dear ;
Nor shall thou mark youth's glowing visions fade,
Love scorned, hopes blighted, gen'rous trust betrayed ;

Then rather let the song of praise ascend,
That thou so soon, heaven's joys art called to share ;
And let us patiently "our cross sustain,"
Until we too a crown of glory wear ;
Until we, in our Father's House, shall tell
Of trials past ; till then, farewell, farewell !

ON THE RE-OPENING OF — CHURCH.

“ Be not slothful, but followers of them, who, through faith and patience, now
inherit the promises.”

ONCE more within thy sacred walls I stand,
Dear, dear old temple ; where my childish feet
First learned to tread with reverential awe.
And hallowed recollections, as I gaze,
Unbidden throng, and fill my eyes with tears ;
For here, a mother's gentle hand was wont
To lead her children with parental care ; —
Thou too, my childhood's dear companion, thou,
With whom I took sweet counsel once, when we
Together went up to the house of God.
Dear youthful saint, methinks I see thee now
Kneeling in meek simplicity before thy Lord.
Methinks I hear thy voice, as, mingling sweet,
In songs of worshippers, it swelled on high,
And, musing thus, I for a time forget
That Heaven has long ago reclaimed its own.

Beloved ones, your vacant seats, to me
Have a strange eloquence, for they recall

Your earnest piety, your fervent zeal,
Your daily lives of faith, and love, and prayer.
And ye are not alone. From this blest place
How many souls have winged their flight to Heaven.
The blooming youth, and hoary patriarch,
Whose path was as the pathway of the just, that shines
Bright and more bright unto the perfect day!
These have escaped from earth, and now, with joy,
Bask in the sunshine of Immanuel's face.

But, sainted spirits, do ye ne'er return
To visit this dear place, so loved of yore,
Made holy by the presence of your God?
May it not be ye hover round to-night
Unseen, but joyful witnesses. Unheard,
Respond to every sigh from penitential hearts;
With whispered words, infusing in the soul
Fresh courage for its conflicts and its toils;
Repelling Satan's darts, and bidding us,
By the blest memory of your happy lives, —
By that dread hour of sorrow and of joy,
When from your dying eyes, the last fond glance,
Weeping survivors caught, and wondering, viewed
Your peace untroubled, and unshaken trust, —
By all your love, immortal made in Heaven, —

To follow on, to seek that grace divine,
By which your trembling steps were Heavenward led,
That so, when fought the Christian's fight, we may
Embrace each other in the realms of bliss.

LORD, REMEMBER ME.

WHEN green grows the turf o'er a dear one's head,
And I weep in vain for the early dead ;
When closed are the eyes that beam with love,
And silent the voice once soft as a dove ;
This the prayer of my stricken heart shall be,
Jesus, in pity, "Remember me."

When the friends of my youth grow strangely cold,
And the hand warmly proffer'd relaxes its hold,
When I yearn in vain for the kindly word —
Once often spoken, now seldom heard ;
How sweet, how consoling the thought shall be,
That still my Saviour "Remembers me."

When the cares of life on my spirit press,
And waves of sorrow my soul distress ;
Or in hours of joy when my heart beats high,
With hopes that perchance are doom'd to die ;
In weal or in woe, to thy side, Lord, I flee,
Rejoicing that Jesus "Remembers me."

When my form is bowed by a weight of years,
And my forehead no longer unwrinkled appears ;
When my footsteps falter, my hair turns gray,
And my failing sight tells of swift decay ;
As ever, O Lord ! let my comfort be,
That Jesus, in Heaven, “ Remembers me.”

And when pale on a lowly couch I lie,
Beholding the “ King of Terrors ” draw nigh ;
Though short grows my breath, and my voice more weak,
Still of Thy goodness my soul shall speak ;
And the last words of prayer on my lips shall be,
Jesus, my Saviour, “ Remember me.”

ON SAILING DOWN THE LAHAVE
RIVER.

A STRANGER to these shores I came,
With scarce a hope, desire, or aim ;
No more a stranger, I depart
With tearful eyes and saddened heart.
Fair river, gliding from my view,
Ye green and sloping banks, adieu !
Each wooded cliff, each sunny glade,
Each cot embowered in rural shade ;
Ye waving fields, ye orchards fair,
Whose fruits perfume the balmy air.

Yet not with these I mourn to part,
Though dear is nature to my heart ;
Though every flower and every tree
Yields food for happy memory ;
And often, midst the scenes of art,
And often, in the crowded mart,
Shall pictures of the past arise,
These waving woods, these genial skies ;

And I shall vainly pine to be
Once more, with Nature gaily free,
Once more, o'er hill and dale, to rove,
Or wander through the moon-lit grove ;
Beneath the spreading oak to rest,
When by the noontide heat oppressed,
And gaze, until the vision tires,
On all the soul with rapture fires ;
And feel my heart within me swell,
And cry, " He doeth all things well ! "

But thou hast other charms than these,
Oh, land of pleasant memories !
Can I forget each kindly heart,
From whom, to-day, I mourn to part ;
Can I forget each gifted mind ;
Each soul exalted and refined ;
With whom the hours so quickly fled,
We scarcely marked how time had sped ?
When Nature's charms lent added grace,
To friendship's fair and glowing face ;
When the frank smile, and kindly word,
The soul's best, purest feeling stirred,
And, unrestrained by chilling art,

Each heart communed with kindred heart ;
Together viewed the sunset skies,
Or the pale moon in glory rise ;
Marked how the solemn woods grew bright,
Beneath her pure and peerless light ;
Or paused to watch, reflected clear,
Her image in the lake appear.

Sometimes in silence we pursued
Our rambles through each solitude,
For language seemed too poor and weak,
Our rapture and delight to speak ;
Or, lower then our voices fell,
As though afraid to break the spell,
The charm that reigned o'er all that hour,
And swayed our souls with magic power.

These scenes are past, though never more
May I behold thee, much-loved shore :
Yet still, in fancy, I shall be
A wanderer again on thee ;
Shall hear, once more, the welcome true,
And kindly friendships glad renew.

But, must it *fancy* only be,
That can restore my friends to me ?
Ah, I will hope, we yet may meet,
And, even here, each other greet,
And our long parting only seem
The memory of some sombre dream,
From which we, starting, wake at last,
Joyful to find the vision past.

Thus may it be ; dear friends, and true,
Once more, I bid a fond adieu !
And pray, that choicest blessings be
The lot of those, whose care for me,
Within my heart shall ever dwell,
Till memory fails, — farewell, farewell.

TO MY MOTHER IN HEAVEN.

"They sin who tell us love can die,

* * * * *

Its holy flame for ever burneth,
From Heaven it came, to Heaven returneth."

HAST thou forgotten me, mother? Hast thou forgotten
me?

Dost thou remember not, in Heaven, the love I bore to
thee?

Thy tender care, thy thrilling smile, I muse on fondly
yet,

And oh, I cannot bear to think that thou dost me for-
get.

I know, surrounded by the blest, that thou art happy
now;

I know a wreath of victory encircles thy glad brow;
I joy to think that from earth's toils forever thou dost
rest,

That care and sorrow cannot find an entrance in thy
breast.

But is the memory of the past to thee but as a dream,
That quickly vanishes, before the sun's enlivening
beam, —

The home of which thou wert the light, our happy home
of yore,

The hills whose greenness may not tempt thy feet to
wander more,

The voices of thy children dear, thy husband's loving
smile,

The intercourse of heart with heart, that could life's toils
beguile ;

Oh, tell me, did these memories fade, e'en with thy
dying breath ?

And are the holiest ties of earth dissolved, indeed, by
death ?

If this were so, from haunts of men far rather would I
dwell

In some secluded forest home, or hermit's lonely cell,
Than live, by many hearts beloved, and fondly love
again,

Yet weep, in bitterness, to know affection's wealth is
vain ;

That those whose words of sympathy could hope and
strength impart,
On whom, with warm, implicit faith, fondly reposed my
heart,
When passed from earthly scenes away, could all my
love forget,
And mingling with the hosts above, be as we ne'er had
met.

But oh, forgive the cruel doubt, scarce breathed ere it
is fled,
The thought unworthy of the heart that mourns the
sainted dead.
I will not deem that time or death a mother's love can
chill,
Affection's fountain, waked by God, pours forth its
waters still.
And oh, methinks that God hath given thy heart's desire
to thee,
The prayer thy dying lips breathed forth, that thou per-
mitted be
To watch above thy children dear, their waywardness to
chide,

By visions of that happy land, where thou dost blest
abide,
Life's snares and quicksands safe to guide their wander-
ing footsteps through,
Until, in Heaven, with joy they share a mother's love
anew.

“IT IS LIGHT, MY DAUGHTER.”

[Suggested on reading an affecting incident of a child, belonging to one of the manufactories in England, who, being aroused by her mother's exclamation, “It is light,” gently lifted her head, and exclaiming, — “*It is light*, mother,” fell back and expired.]

“It is light, my daughter, arouse thee quick,
For the day is just begun,
Though many hours must pass before
Its weary toil is done;
It is light, my daughter. She heeds me not,
She dreams, perchance, of some brighter lot.

“For over her pallid features a smile
Of unearthly beauty plays;
As though her spirit had caught a glimpse,
In the future, of happier days;
How bitter, from dreams of bliss, to be
Awakened to sad reality.

“To awaken to labor, uncheered by love,
To meet with harshness and scorn,

To eat thy bread with bitterness
Is the lot to which thou wast born ;
Ah, surely it would not be a sin to crave
For thee, my darling, an early grave.

“ Fain would I bid thee slumber on,
And forget awhile the care,
That has left its trace on thy sunny brow,
And shadowed thy face so fair, —
But it may not be ; my daughter, arise,
For the sun is gilding the eastern skies.”

Aroused by her call was the slumbering child ;
And unclosing her soft, blue eyes,
She lifted them up to her mother's face,
With a look of glad surprise ;
Then, slightly raising her fair young head,
“ *It is light*, my mother,” she gently said.

“ *It is light*, my mother,” then falling back
On her pallet hard, she lay
With clasped hands, and upturned gaze,
That heeded not the day ;

For her spirit beheld a brighter light
Than that which had chased the shadows of night.

Oh, surely unto that gentle heart
Were glimpses of glory given,
Which brighter grew as the toils of earth
Were exchanged for the bliss of heaven :
For commissioned, the angel of death had come,
On wings of love to convey her home.

SONG.

To the tune of "Burial of Sir John Moore."

WHEN the gay and the thoughtless are thronging around,
And Beauty's enchantment is near ;
When eyes, brightly beaming, respond unto thine,
And voices fall soft on thy ear ;
In those seasons of mirth, when each rainbow-hued hour
Sheds light on the heart, ere it flee ;
Oh, tell me if ever, amid the gay throng,
There comes stealing remembrance of me.

On some bright summer's day, when all nature seems
glad ;
While pacing the sand-beaten shore,
Thine eye marks the heave of the billows that late,
Thy form from my tearful sight bore ;
When far in the distance, gleam faintly the hills,
Where together we sported in glee, —
Ah, with the bright visions of days that are past,
Comes there stealing remembrance of me ?

When sober-eyed twilight her mantle of dew,
On the weary earth softly bestows ;
When leaden care flies, and the angel of peace
Sings the turmoils of life to repose ;
Then, if through thy casement the evening-star beam,
Perchance it may whisper to thee,
Of one who afar is beholding its light,
Then will steal the remembrance of me.

And oh, should thy path be enshrouded with gloom,
And the joys that have cheered thee depart,
Forget not that I in thy sorrows partake,
That still dearer art thou to this heart ;
Though vainly I pine for the well-known voice,
Though banished thy footstep may be,
What a balm does the hope to my spirit afford,
That thy thoughts sometimes wander to me.

THE SAVAGE'S INTERROGATION.

“WHAT brought thee here,” the savage cried,
With aspect fierce and utterance rude,
And sternly eyed the Man of God,
Who, calm, unmoved, before him stood ;
“Why came ye here, unarmed and weak ?
Tell me what boon from us you seek ?”

“I nothing ask,” and soft and low,
Fell those clear tones on savage ear ;
The spear dropped from the uplifted hand,
As strangely moved, he paused to hear ;
“To tell of Jesus’ love I came,
To distant climes to bear his name.”

“Nay, nay,” and sterner than before
The warrior spake, resumed his spear ;
“Your country small, your people great,
You come our wide domains to share ;

And here will soon your warriors stand,
And drive us from our native land."

"No, brother, no," he mild replied,
"Not yours, but you, I seek alone;
Salvation is the news I bring,
The love that did for sin atone,
To teach you how that washed, forgiven,
Ye all may seek, and enter, Heaven."

Light o'er the swarthy features stole,
And milder grew the savage voice :
"Strange, wondrous tidings these," he said,
"They make my inmost heart rejoice ;
But who, this message to proclaim,
Hath sent you, quickly speak his name ?"

"The Lord, the great and mighty God,
Creator of all worlds alone ;
Yet stooped He to our guilty earth,
That we might share His glorious throne :
'Go preach my Word,' was His command,
And thus I left my native land."

“ But how long since He bade you come ?
Such blissful news should quickly fly ; ”
The Missionary paused, his lips
Could scarcely frame a meet reply ;
At length he answered, sad and low,
“ Some eighteen hundred years ago.”

Forth flashed the fire from savage eyes,
As, in a thunder tone, he cried,
“ Why, years ago, came you not here,
Ere millions of our people died ?
My parents, brethren, kindred dear,
Not one, this joyful news may hear ? ”

What wonder, then, that Man of God,
Slowly and sadly turned away ;
He thought of home, of native land,
Of those, immersed in pleasures gay,
Who, reckless of their Lord's command,
Wasted His gifts with lavish hand.

The pomp, the pageantry and pride,
The marble domes, the rich array ;

Wealth lavished on some glittering gem,
Scarce gained, ere idly cast away ;
While, from far distant lands, the cry
Of dying millions pierced the sky.

Oh, Christian, blush, and shrink to hear,
Thy languid zeal the savage chide ;
And bid thy soul with pity yearn,
O'er those for whom the Saviour died ;
Then, with a willing heart and hand,
Go spread His Word in every land.

A SONG OF THANKSGIVING.

COMPOSED ON A REVIEW OF THE PAST.

"Hitherto hath the Lord helped us." — 1 SAM. vii. 12.

"And he led them forth by a right way, that they might go to a city of habitation." — PSALMS, cvii. 7.

I STAND upon a mountain height to-day,
And with a searching glance the past survey;
The past, that stretches back to childhood's hours,
Its sunny spots, its gardens gay with flowers!
Oh, days of innocence and calm delight,
When peaceful slumbers blest each blissful night;
When tears fell only as the sparkling dew,
That bids each drooping plant revive anew;
And Hope walked gaily with me, hand in hand,
While airy castles sprang at her command.
Your reign is past, your blest enchantment o'er,
Earth is to me a Paradise no more.
I mark her beauties with a chastened smile,
They still have power from sadness to beguile;

But, like the haze that steals o'er autumn skies,
Obscures their brightness but a charm supplies,
Lending to every scene a dreamy grace,
While yet each object we distinctly trace ;
So early grief hath but obscured the rays
That dazzled, with their brightness, vanished days ;
The varied charms of earth, and sea, and sky,
Now raise my thoughts to Him who dwells on high ;
And, for the noisy joy that spurned control,
There reigns a hallowed peace within the soul.

Oh, Thou, whose goodness I delight to trace,
In the vast works of nature and of grace ;
Whose hand hath gently led me to this day,
Through many a devious wild and weary way ;
Guide of my childhood, Thou art still the same,
As when my childish voice first breathed Thy name ;
Touch Thou my lips, I pray, with hallowed fire ;
Teach me to tune aright my fitful lyre,
Earth's welkin then with joyful songs shall ring,
And Heaven shall list the praises of her King.

Again, as on the past I turn my eyes,
How strange, how varied are the scenes that rise ;

There, for awhile I roamed in pleasant bowers,
In friendship blest, how sped the happy hours.
Each green and flowery path beguiled my feet,
While smiling Hope, in many an accent sweet,
Told of the joys that were for me in store,
Surpassing all that I had known before.
But, ah, I found her flattering words were vain,
For that which promised pleasure, gave but pain ;
Rugged and steep became the dreary way,
And thorns sprang up and choked the verdure gay ;
Some cherished forms that ever by my side,
In weal or woe, did faithfully abide ;
I marked them droop and sicken day by day,
And watched, with beating heart, each flickering ray,
That seemed to promise health's returning glow,
Until the Spoiler laid the loved ones low.
Ah, then the path was watered with my tears,
I felt at once the ills of riper years :
My heart grew heavy and my step less light,
And day seemed shaded by the gloom of night ;
But Thou didst not forsake me : Thou, whose love
Taught me to seek enduring joys above ;
Showed me that earth, though but a rugged road,
Was yet the way that led to thine abode.

I sipped from fountains of immortal light,
And straight new beauties charmed my dazzled sight;
Hope still stood by me, but her smile subdued,
Told of a heart, at last, by grace renewed;
And Faith, with many a sweet and cheering strain,
Beguiled the pilgrimage of half its pain.
And now, to-day, as on this mount I stand,
And mark how gently Thy protecting hand
Hath led me on, from childhood's thoughtless years,
Cheered my sad heart, and wiped away my tears;
From snares and quicksands, often, set me free,
And bid me nothing fear, but follow Thee: —
I would, this day, with grateful heart, upraise
A monument, recording here thy praise;
But oh, Archangel's loftiest song could ne'er
Praise Thee enough, for love beyond compare.
Then what am I, or what my feeble strain;
But, if the poorest offering be not vain,
When prompted by a heart, whose one desire
Is, that Thyself my song of praise inspire;
For mercies past, my grateful thanks I pour,
For mercies Thou hast yet for me in store;
For all the joys that make my pathway bright,
Days of contentment, slumbers calm and light;

For hours that seem a foretaste of the joy
I shall possess, in Heaven, without alloy ;
For kindred hearts, that tarry for awhile,
And sweet communion doth our way beguile ;
For kindly words, and loving smiles, that shed
A holy charm where'er my footsteps tread ;
For all the joys of life, but more for grace,
That hath provided still a resting place,
Where the worn pilgrim shall at last repose,
And find the bliss that Heaven alone bestows.

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B.D.





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